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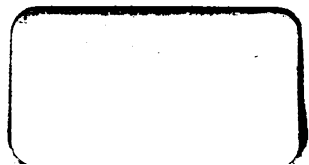
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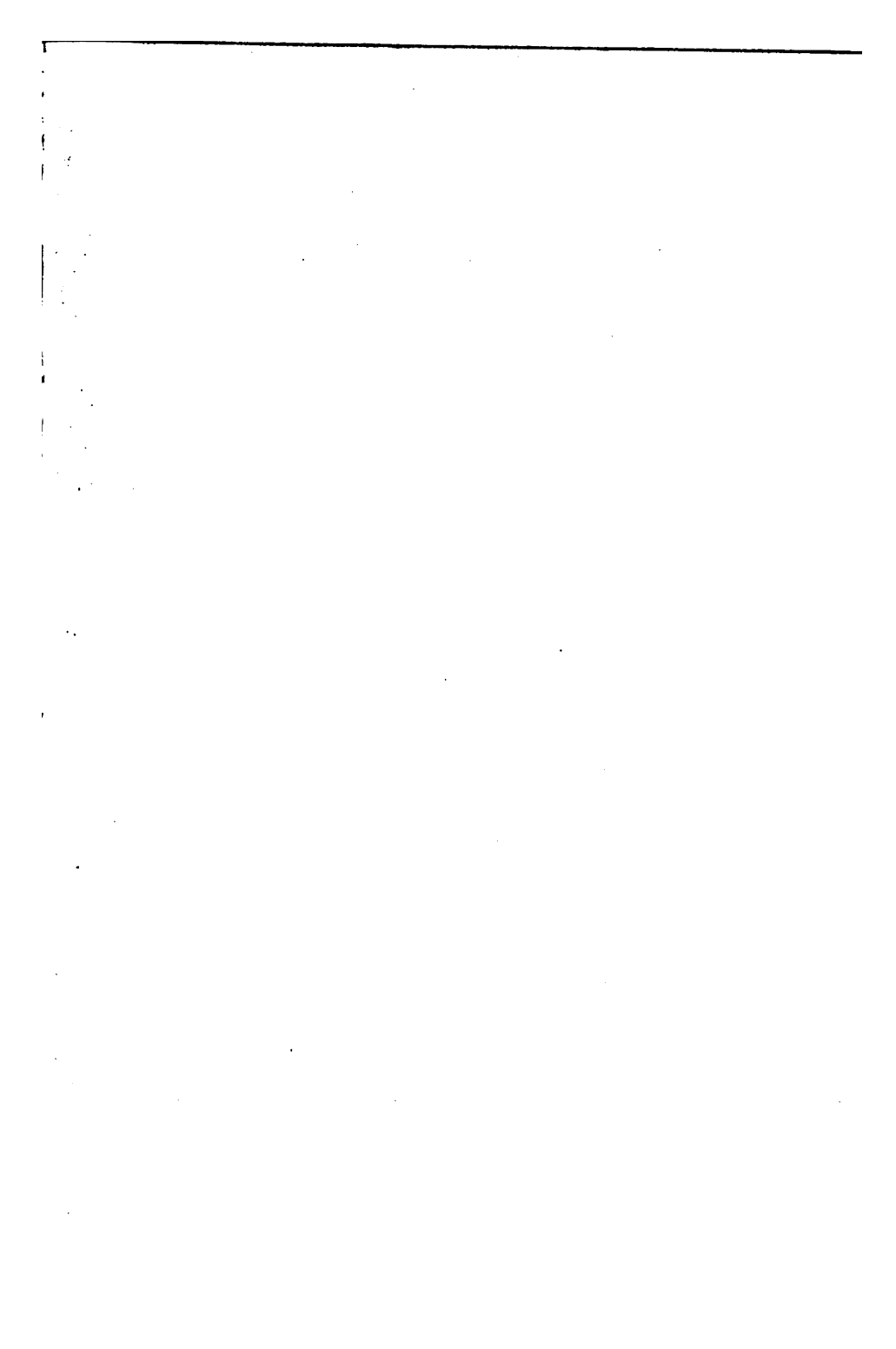
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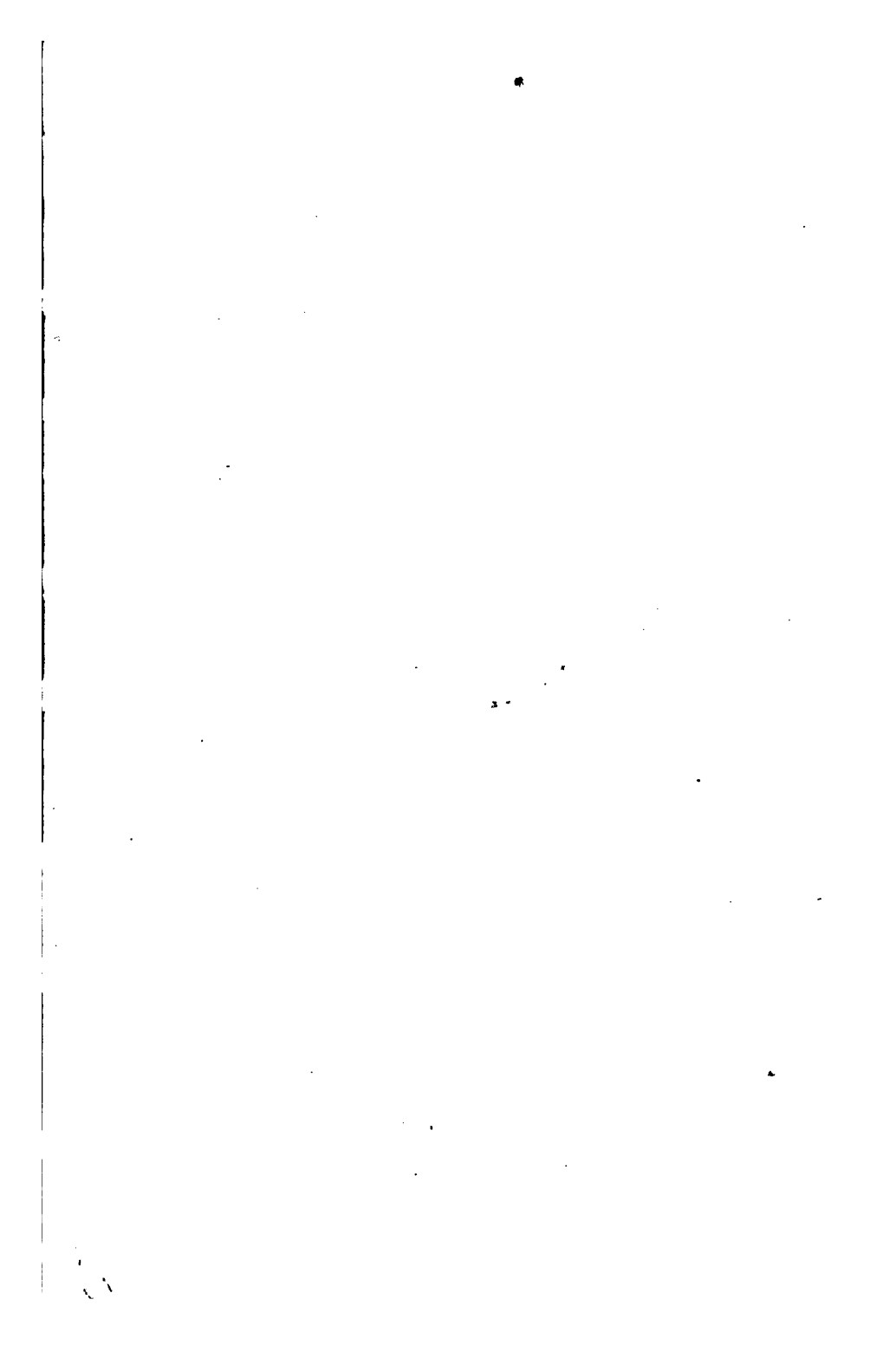
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**SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE
LIFE OF A TEACHER**





Edward H. Magill.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A TEACHER

1841-1906

BY

EDWARD HICKS MAGILL

Professor of Education at Tufts College



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1907



SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A TEACHER

1841-1906

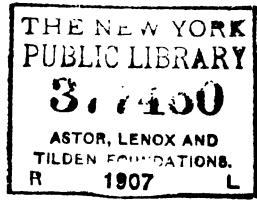
BY

EDWARD HICKS MAGILL

Ex-President of Swarthmore College



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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Published March 1907

TO
SUCH YOUNG TEACHERS AS MAY FIND
THE EXPERIENCES HERE NARRATED AN
ENCOURAGEMENT IN THEIR WORK, THIS
BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

1891

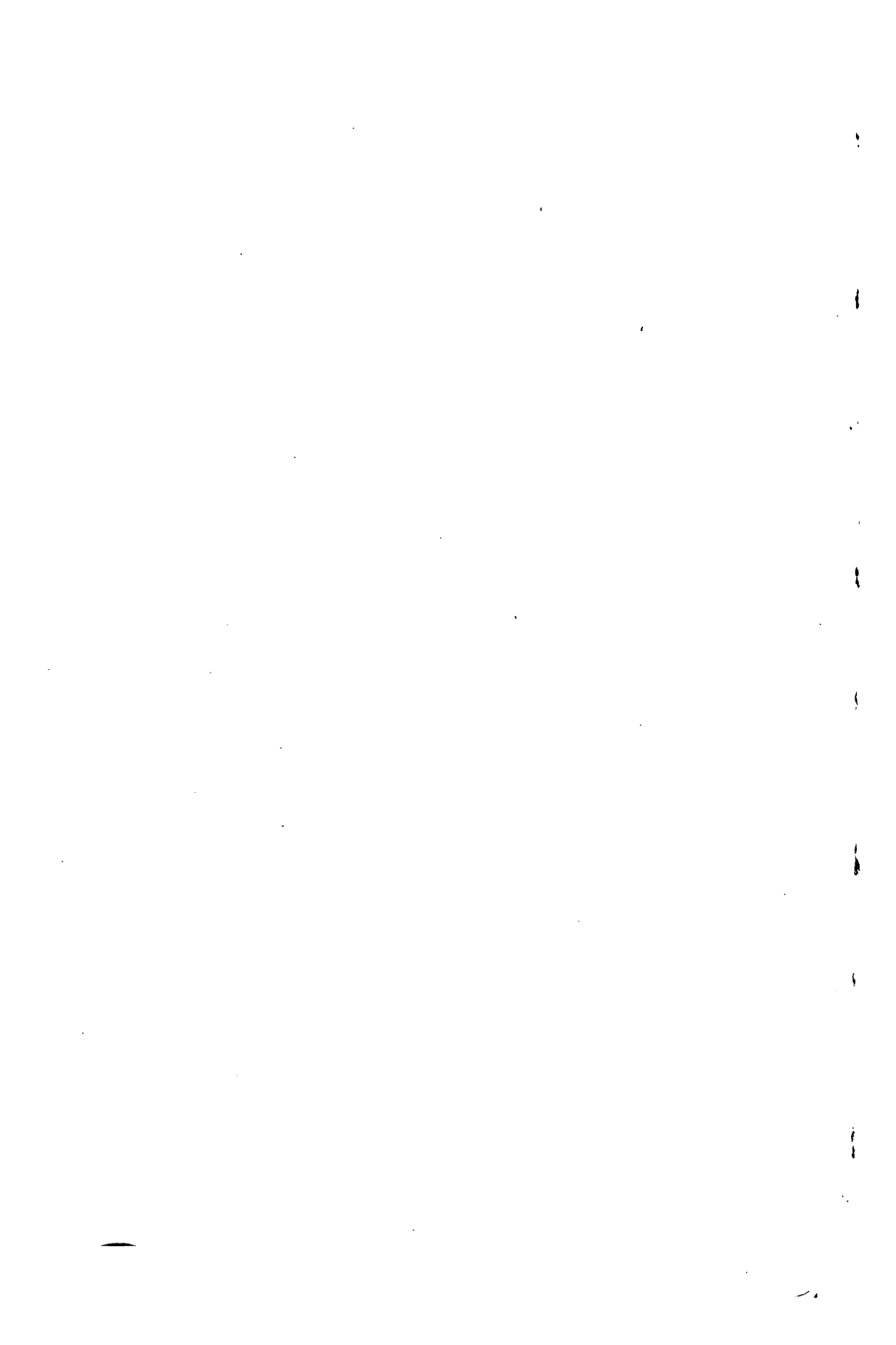
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SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A TEACHER

1841-1906

CHAPTER I

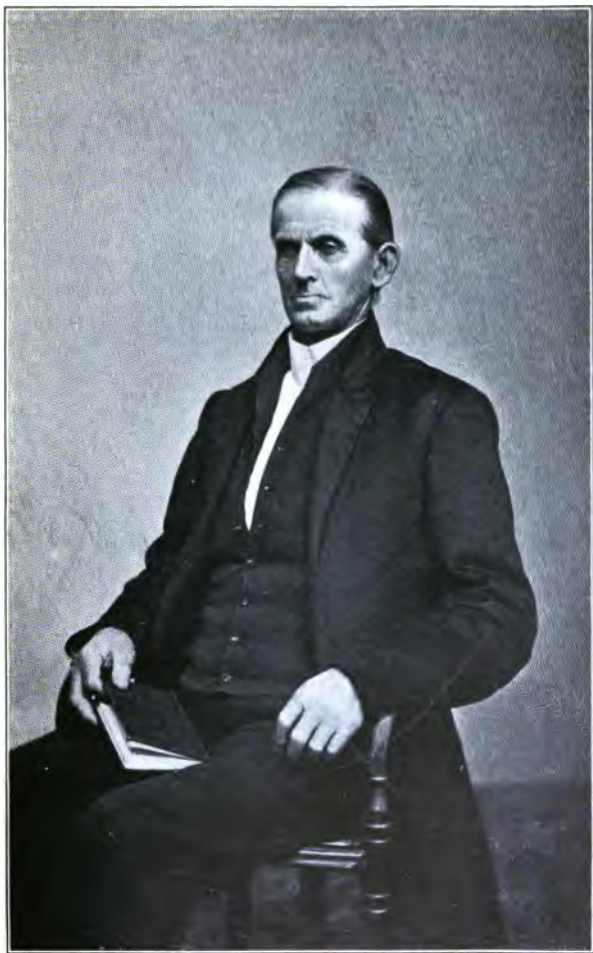
BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION

1825-1841

SOME description of the preparation for my life as a teacher, in the various stages of that profession, may not be altogether uninteresting or unprofitable to those of my readers who are engaged, or especially interested, in that laborious, but, to me, always attractive occupation. My parents, Jonathan Paxson and Mary Watson Magill, well-to-do farmers in the township of Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, felt that the earliest education of their children should, whenever practicable, be conducted at home, in the bosom of the family. I was born on the 24th of September, 1825. As children, beginning at the age of two or three years, my brother, four sisters,

and myself were taught and trained by private teachers, young women whom my parents employed. They gradually admitted some of the neighbors who desired to enjoy the same opportunity for home instruction, and our little family school, kept in the second story of our country farmhouse, grew to be a school of eight or ten pupils, and later reached about twenty. This instruction lasted, for me, until I was about twelve years of age, when I was sent — for two years — to a public school of some forty pupils, a short distance from home. But while I was thus sent forth for each school day, away from the first home influences, my parents, and especially my mother, kept over me a truly guarded care. I cannot conceive it possible for any mother to feel more deeply and constantly exercised for the best welfare of her children. At first, my brother Watson (our mother's family name) and myself were the only ones thus trusted so far out of her sight as the country schoolhouse; and I may say that our mother had the highest hopes for the success and well-doing of us both.

I differed much in temperament from my dark-haired brother, two years my junior, and my hair was so white that I was sometimes



JONATHAN PAXSON MAGILL

found that I was in danger of taking it to excess, and on perceiving this, she at once ceased to have it furnished, and I have no doubt that this decided act of hers, and the *reason* she then gave me for it, saved me from the danger of excess of this kind in later life.

Like other farmers' boys, my brother and myself went to school only in the winter. In summer we worked with the hired men on the farm. During these first fourteen years of my life I developed a special fondness for the study of numbers. My parents encouraged this, and my father offered me a prize of eight dollars if I would "cipher" through Pike's Arithmetic (then in common use) before I was eight years old; for each week that passed after I was eight before that Arithmetic was finished, I should forfeit one dollar. I well recall the three anxious weeks after my eighth birthday, when I do believe that I would have "ciphered" all night, if my careful mother had permitted it. I finished the book just in time to receive five dollars instead of eight. With that sum I made the best investment that I have ever made in my life: I bought of my father a pretty white calf with red ears, and after feeding it three years, sold it for twenty-



MARY WATSON MAGILL

four dollars — a percentage of profit that I have never reached in any other bargain. But I should add that I was not charged with the keep of the calf, for, if I had been, I fear that my profit would have been small.

About this time I joined the "Lyceum" held for many years at the schoolhouse at Buckingham Meeting. All questions of natural history greatly interested me. A family friend, William H. Johnson, a superior teacher and my father's earnest co-worker in the anti-slavery cause, was then president of the Lyceum. Noticing my tendency toward the study of nature, he appointed me to collect specimens of all the native woods of Solebury, and I well recall the earnestness with which I went to work. I carefully split each small piece of wood collected, to show the grain as well as the bark, cleaned the bark, and polished the split side. I was a proud boy when, in a few weeks, I presented to the Lyceum a bag of carefully prepared specimens. This experience and my later study of botany were the source of great pleasure for me through a long life.

At the age of fourteen my parents felt that I ought to have the advantage of a boarding-school, and for that purpose, as interested

members of the Religious Society of Friends, they selected Westtown. There I was placed for two years. My studies were confined to the English branches, my parents not considering the study of foreign languages of any advantage to a farmer's son, who was then expected to follow his father's occupation on the farm. My leading studies were arithmetic, algebra, mensuration, and geometry. As I was fond of these studies and of my teachers,—especially of Howard Yarnall and Hugh D. Vail, whom I distinctly recall,—I made rapid progress. Next to these, in my estimation, came James Emlen, our teacher of penmanship, father of Samuel Emlen. The latter, although then quite a mischievous little boy, is known to-day as an influential minister in the Religious Society of Friends. Next to these three teachers, I recall, with very kind regard, Master Davis, as he was then called, whose discipline was strict and formal, but who had the good-will of the students generally. The discipline and the care of the study-room (no easy task) fell to his share. Out of school hours, especially on holidays, he took us on long walks and botanical excursions over much of Chester County, and I studied with

care and great interest Darlington's "*Flora Cestrica*," and made a large herbarium of carefully pressed plants. This turned my mind early to the study of wayside trees, plants, and flowers, — a habit which has been a source of much pleasure to me, both when traveling at home and in foreign lands. For this, in a special manner, I shall always feel deeply indebted to our zealous teacher and governor, Master Davis.

Another of the outdoor exercises of which he had the oversight was the nut-gathering in the autumn. There were many fine hickory-nut trees on our large Westtown grounds, which then covered, I think, four hundred acres. No one was permitted to touch a nut tree until an appointed day. Then, at a given signal (a tap of the school-bell upon the stile), all the boys ran for the tree that each considered the most desirable, and no one but the one who reached the tree first was permitted to gather the nuts.

CHAPTER II

TEACHING IN COUNTRY SCHOOLS

1841-1844

AFTER about two years spent at West-town, in the summer of 1841 I returned to my father's farm. It was in the early autumn of that year, at the age of sixteen, that I first stood before a class as their appointed teacher. The scene was the unceiled low room of the wagon-house loft on my father's farm. In my early years the free-school system had been adopted, and I was appointed teacher by the board of managers of my native township, and to these managers, and not to the parents, I must look for my monthly payments. In the earlier times, before the introduction of the free-school system, each parent or guardian received a bill from the teacher; these bills he must severally collect, the charge being three cents for each day's attendance of each pupil.

Of the work in the schoolroom, I may say that such work would astonish and confound

any young teacher of the present day. Arithmetic was "ciphered" individually, on slates, without any class instruction or use of blackboards or charts, and the chief aim was to "get the answer," without much attempt at reasoning as to the processes employed to obtain it. In penmanship, the copies were "set" by the teacher's hand, at the top of each page of the copy-book, and without any aid from printed or engraved slips or copies. Steel pens, too, were not yet in common use; quill pens were almost universally employed. As teacher of the art of penmanship, I see myself now, walking about the small, low-ceiled room, criticising the forms of the letters, keeping the pens mended, penknife in hand, with a bunch of new-made pens sticking behind my ear.

The discipline was generally maintained in those days by the fear of corporal punishment, though some of us teachers refrained from this, except in a few extreme cases. In some instances dismissals for misconduct were made, but as the schooling was paid for out of the school-tax, there was often a contention on the part of parents and teachers as to whether the latter could dismiss, or even suspend, a pupil

from a free school. Although these things may seem trivial and unworthy of note, in practice in that early time they sometimes presented to teachers insoluble difficulties.

With reference to the corporal punishment of children in school, I observe with regret a tendency in some of our schools to revive that ancient practice of a semi-barbarous age. It was on the occasion of the first winter that I spent in Paris that I heard a professor of English in a class at the Sorbonne explain a reference in the English book they were reading, by saying to his French boys that it was the practice in England to whip children at school; a practice which had been unknown in France since the French Revolution. To one who, like myself, knew something of this practice in my own country, the astonishment of the young French boys seemed strange indeed. I perceived the truth of the words of the great critic, Sainte-Beuve: "*C'est bon de voyager quelquefois; cela étend les idées et rabat l'amour propre.*"

But to return to my first winter's teaching, in 1841-42: I followed the usual practice of that time, working on the farm in the summer, teaching only in the late fall and winter

months, and closing in time for corn-planting and other farm work in the spring. From the opening of the school I engaged with my pupils in games of ball, snow-balling, etc., during the recess, just as one of them, but was careful to put on the serious and resolute schoolmaster's face when I rang the bell for them to reassemble. This acting a double part, as master and student, was made all the more difficult because my pupils were my own personal friends, relatives, and near neighbors, and a number of them, both boys and girls, were my seniors by several years. A few years ago, when on a visit to the old Solebury farm, — still retained in the family, — I went up the old, steep, rickety steps to the wagon-house loft, now used as a tool-shop, and looked out from the south windows over the narrow limits of the lane, where the ball-ground was. On the top of the lower frame of the window I saw still the marks of my penknife, where I had constructed a species of home-made dial. Having no watch of my own at that time, I borrowed one from a student, and by it noted and marked the shadow falling on sunny days upon the lower frame, indicating by a notch the hour for the opening and closing of

school, and for the recesses in the morning and afternoon. Of course these marks did not indicate quite the same hour at different seasons; but they answered their purpose for those two winters, and, for aught I know, are still there on that lower sash to tell the tale of more than half a century ago.

Two winters were thus passed. For the winter of 1843-44 I accepted an offer from the school board to take charge of the school at the Friends' meeting-house in Solebury, about four miles from our house. That being too far to walk each day, I took board with a pleasant family of Friends near the meeting-house, and walked the four miles only on Second-day (Monday) mornings and Seventh-day (Saturday) evenings, for I took my First-day (Sunday) board at home. This year's experience — the third — was much like that of the first two years at home.

In the fourth autumn ('44-'45) I accepted an offer to take charge of a larger school, with a larger salary; this being based, as before, upon the number of pupils. This, my third school, was on the Friends' meeting-house grounds at Abington, Montgomery County, and about twenty miles from home. I shall never forget

the solicitude of my devoted and faithful mother, who, now that I was to teach a whole year away from home and her influence, gave me one or two hours of very serious advice, which has often and often come up before me in hours of trial and temptation; and I still feel, as I did then, that there is no earthly influence for good at all to be compared with that of a devoted and tender mother. I hear her voice as I write, though considerably more than half a century has passed since then.

I have said that this, my third school, was in the Friends' schoolhouse at Abington, on those delightfully shaded grounds. I had a large and pleasant school, and felt at once quite master of the situation, but my labors here were doomed to be brief, for I soon learned, what I did not at first understand, that I must take the children to the midweek meeting of Friends. To this I strongly objected, for, on account of the hostility of Friends generally at that time to those of pronounced anti-slavery views, my parents and near relatives had lost much of their interest in the meeting, and my own feeling on this subject was so decided that, without a formal withdrawal, I had practically separated myself from Friends. So I

told the Abington Friends that I was not willing to bring the children to meeting, and they asked me to resign my place in the school rather than allow me to keep the children at school on midweek meeting-day. In this crisis some good friends, Jesse and Elizabeth Newport, invited me to their pleasant home on a farm quite near, and gathered together from the immediate neighborhood a small school, including their own children, — except David, the eldest son, who was absent from home. Thus passed my fourth winter in teaching school. I most vividly recall those quiet mornings and afternoons with my little class of boys and girls, and the evenings spent in reading and study in that well-ordered household.¹

¹ Several members of this interesting class have since become efficient laborers in the meetings of the Religious Society of Friends. Martha married Jonathan Travilla of West Chester, Pennsylvania, and was as active as her mother Elizabeth had been, and both possessed a remarkable gift of prophecy. I recall most vividly some few of Martha's religious visits at Swarthmore, and her sittings there with some of our private families. Her children came to the college, and among them Mary has become widely known among Friends by her gift in the ministry. John and Ellison died early. The only survivor of the large family at Abington, who is still, though in advanced life, a good thinker and active participant in our yearly meetings, is the eldest son, David, to whom I have referred as absent from home during my winter there.

The experience gained thus in my fourth winter's teaching was, of course, quite different from that of the larger schools the first three years. But all went together to make up the slow preparation which I was unconsciously undergoing for the principal work of my life, as I now must ever regard it. In all the changes I began early to see and acknowledge a guiding hand that insensibly has led me on; a consciousness of which is now ever present with me.

CHAPTER III

TEACHING IN BOARDING AND CITY SCHOOLS

1844-1848

AS usual, I returned to the farm in Solebury in the spring, and as I had often done before, went to market in Philadelphia with my father, he being very deaf, and I serving him instead of ears. On one of these trips we met with my cousins, Yardley and Edwin Buckman; and as they were then engaged in keeping a large boarding-school at Clermont Academy, near Frankford, they employed me to aid them as assistant teacher in their school. Here I had, this fifth winter, a very pleasant home, with congenial work, and relatives who were wide readers and good students. This year's teaching was, of course, with its care of students at night as well as by day, quite a varied experience from my first three winters in Solebury and my fourth year in the Newport family. The oversight of a number of boarding pupils gave me a famil-

ilarity with their daily habits, and a better control of the time which they gave to the preparation of their studies. This added experience was continued through a sixth year, including both a winter and a summer, when my cousins, the Buckmans, removed their school to a place known as "White Hall," on the Delaware River, a few miles below Bristol. It was in this school that I first saw taught what was then called "Naylor's System of Singing Geography." A teacher named Henry Warriner, who went from place to place teaching this system, met with considerable success in securing the memorizing of long lists of names; for instance, the towns on either side of the Mississippi River, from its mouth to the last of its smallest branches. Certain faint echoes of this peculiar chant come back to me as if it were but yesterday. But, like many other fads, it had its day; and I think, if my memory serves me rightly, it was a brief day indeed. I have long since lost sight of our traveling teacher and his system, but I recall vividly one of his favorite illustrations of the benefit of his "rapid" processes of memory. He illustrated his theory by saying that if you turn a large wheel, with

a loose band on it, very slowly, the band will slip and remain cool, but if you turn it rapidly, while the band slips, it can soon be made to take fire. In modern teaching, reasoning is largely substituted for memory in all subjects, and yet rapidity in committing to memory has its value in these brief lives of ours, and should never be wholly displaced by the slower reasoning process.

One incident connected with this year at White Hall I will mention here. In company with the students I was indulging in a refreshing bath in the Delaware, near the pier where the passing steamboats stopped. It was about sunset, and the time for our bath nearly over. My ability to swim was but slight, and I kept carefully on the familiar sandbanks beneath the water. Suddenly I slipped off of one of these into a pool many feet in depth, and at once sank. I was, of course, greatly alarmed, as nearly all had left the water. After a struggle of a few moments I felt that I should rise no more to the surface. At that moment there was presented to my sight a most vivid picture of every moment of my past life; I saw each event, and even each hidden thought, as in a polished mirror. The

great extent, yet the minuteness of the vision was like nothing that I had ever known before, and, as I think of it now, like nothing that I have known in the almost sixty intervening years. At length, just as the last boy was leaving the wharf, by a desperate effort — the sudden concentration of all my strength — I pressed my feet upon the sand below and made an upward spring; and with great difficulty struggled toward the shore into shallow water, and reached *terra firma* with an inexpressible sense of relief. I relate this experience as so remarkable for its vivid, comprehensive, and instantaneous view of my whole life up to that point.

Toward the close of my year at White Hall, I was offered the place of first assistant in Friends' Central School, Philadelphia, at that time kept in Cherry Street, and of latter years known as Friends' Central, or more familiarly the Race Street School. No higher position in a Friends' school than the mastership of this school was known in the country. As I now recall the circumstances of my invitation, it was through the late M. Fisher Longstreth — of whom I shall speak more fully later — that this position was offered

me. The discipline of the school had fallen to a low ebb by the practical failure of the principal to control the pupils the previous year. As my position was only that of first assistant, I had some misgivings about accepting the place, the more so as I had heard that the new principal was not very likely to succeed. But I felt that the position was an important advance on any previously held by me, and resolved to make the trial; for I was always ready for a real advance when it came to me, as in this case, unsought, and never willing to take what could in any sense be called a backward step. This has been a precept with me, and in no important movement of my life do I now recall action inconsistent with it.

My feeling of discouragement, on hearing what I must expect in the man under whom I was to serve at the Cherry Street School was, I confess, very great indeed. But the good motto, "Do thy best, and leave the rest," helped me pass this crisis, as it has helped me pass many since. In the autumn of 1847, at the age of twenty-two, I entered upon my duties in the large Cherry Street School, fully resolved to make no semblance of a failure if

success was to be found at all within my reach. I was therefore established in my boarding-house in Philadelphia, had obtained what suggestions I could by inquiry — and especially by some visits to Dr. Longstreth — as to the position and duties expected of me, and was at the schoolhouse at an early hour on what was to be to me the eventful morning of my first teaching in a large city school. To be always prompt at the appointed time, and even a little in advance, was then, as since, a fixed rule of my life. This rule, carefully observed, and the good effect of my promptness upon others as well as on myself, had carried me successfully through my six years of teaching in country schools. My one failure thus far to carry out a contract was in the case of the Abington school previously referred to.

On entering upon my work at the Cherry Street School, I constantly considered that no past punctuality and thoroughness in my work could avail me in the future; I resolved to continue this punctuality and thoroughness with each passing day. At that time mathematics was my favorite study, and if my memory serves me, some of the classes in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry were assigned to

me by our principal. Of all languages except my own I was absolutely ignorant, for reasons already stated. As soon as I ascertained the progress of the classes under my care, I entered at once upon the practice — always kept up until then, and never abandoned since — of a careful, critical examination of each lesson for the following day, so that my memory should be refreshed and that I might think over the very best methods to impress these lessons, in their full significance, upon the minds of my students. I am sure that during the first year in a large city school I studied harder and burned more midnight oil than any student in my classes.

I very soon saw the reason why our principal was not a successful head of a school. His method of discipline was wholly by force, never by persuasion. I am not sure that he ever whipped any of the students, but he had a most elaborate system of "demerits," and these he showered down upon the students in a most boisterous manner. Whenever he saw, in the general study-room, of which he had charge as principal, a student violating any of his elaborate rules, he would cry out from his desk the name of the boy and the number

of demerits that he was to receive. This was heard with evident obstinacy by the student, who often uttered some response, doubtless with the intent to renew the offense if occasion seemed to offer. The principal's manner with his students was so harsh, severe, and boisterous that I could but wonder that he had ever been appointed teacher in a Friends' school. Being only an assistant, I was, of course, very careful to notice none of these things, but I was so much affected by them that they are recalled as if it were but yesterday. This form of government met with less disapproval from the school committee than it would to-day; but with all of his brusque and severe manner with his students, our principal was a good and highly respected man. Some of his students are doubtless still living, and however much they may feel that he was worthy of respect as a good and honest man, they will surely admit that this, my pen-and-ink sketch of him, as he impressed me, his first assistant, is not overdrawn. He was not long continued as principal of the school, and I think that soon after the position was accepted by Aaron B. Ivins, who was for many years at the head of the school, and whose

methods of teaching — especially arithmetic — were excellent, and were sure to make a lifelong impression upon the minds of the students. Many of these would doubtless say to-day that he was the best teacher they ever had, or had ever known, although his methods of government were by no means always mild and persuasive. It is now but a few years since, full of years and honors, he passed on to the higher life.

While at the Cherry Street School, some time before the close of the first year, I received a kind and pressing invitation from Benjamin Hallowell to come to Alexandria, Virginia, and be one of the assistants in his large and excellent boarding-school for boys in that city. As he was well known as a superior mathematician and a very able teacher of boys, I did not long hesitate, and accepted an invitation which, as we shall see, proved the turning-point of my life. This acceptance I have never had cause to regret. I entered upon my work with him in the fall of 1848, in my twenty-third year, and my year with him was a memorable one indeed. His other two assistants during that year were his eldest son, Henry C. Hallowell, and one who



BENJAMIN HALLOWELL

afterwards became his son-in-law (marrying his only daughter, Caroline), Francis Miller, son of Robert Miller, of a highly esteemed family at that time living in Alexandria. The influence exerted upon me by these two most estimable young men was very great. They have both, some years since, passed on to the life beyond. These men soon convinced me that I had entered upon my work as a teacher with a wholly inadequate preparation. I had felt this deeply, at different times, during the seven years of my teaching; but now I came to realize fully that a mistake had been made, and that if my vocation was really that of a teacher, I must for a time abandon the profession entered upon, and not return to it unless I should succeed in preparing myself to teach in educational institutions of any grade.

While teaching, my two associates kept up a regular course of study of their own, and especially in the Latin and Greek languages: they were hoping to enter Yale College the following year. I at once secured the needed books, and began the study of these two languages without a teacher. With no knowledge of any language but English, and being then twenty-three years old, the task seemed to me

for a time impracticable and even desperate. But my two young associates encouraged me in the attempt, and were always most kind and ready to help me unravel difficult sentences. They did not fail to point out to me the beauty of the style, and the inevitable effect upon my command of my own language, when I should become familiar with the language of Cæsar, of Pliny and Demosthenes, of Horace and Hesiod, of Livy and Lucretius. Their kindness, as well as that of Benjamin Hallowell himself, kept my courage up during a hard year of teaching, and among a class of boys, many of them pampered sons of Southern slaveholders, and who, I doubt not, from early habits in their Southern homes, much preferred governing to being governed. Us teachers some of these boys were inclined to consider as menials, as we were working for a living ; a thing which they had never done, and without doubt never would have done but for the Civil War. The great conflict was then brooding and dark clouds and lightning flashes on the horizon of our country already began to give fearful evidence of the approaching storm. Even Benjamin Hallowell himself, with his courteous and gentle manners and

calm dignity, not infrequently found these slaveholders' sons, whose fathers came to Congress and left their boys under his care and tutelage, quite beyond his power of control. I well remember one of these boys, in a fit of anger, seizing the door of a hot "ten-plate stove" in the middle of the study-room and hurling it violently across the room at a companion with whom he had some cause of contention. One may readily imagine that the government of these boys being hard, and the teaching of them not always easy, I found that my extra study of Latin and Greek was far from an easy task. But now, as I wished to enter Yale, where my two associates were going the following year, I felt that I must make up by hard study for never before having taken a lesson in either Latin or Greek. With the extra labor and anxiety which this year of teaching, governing, and study had caused me, I was much worn, and by spring I felt that my mother's kind care at home and an entire release from teaching were necessary to put me in a condition to go on with my studies and make myself master of the profession which I had chosen.

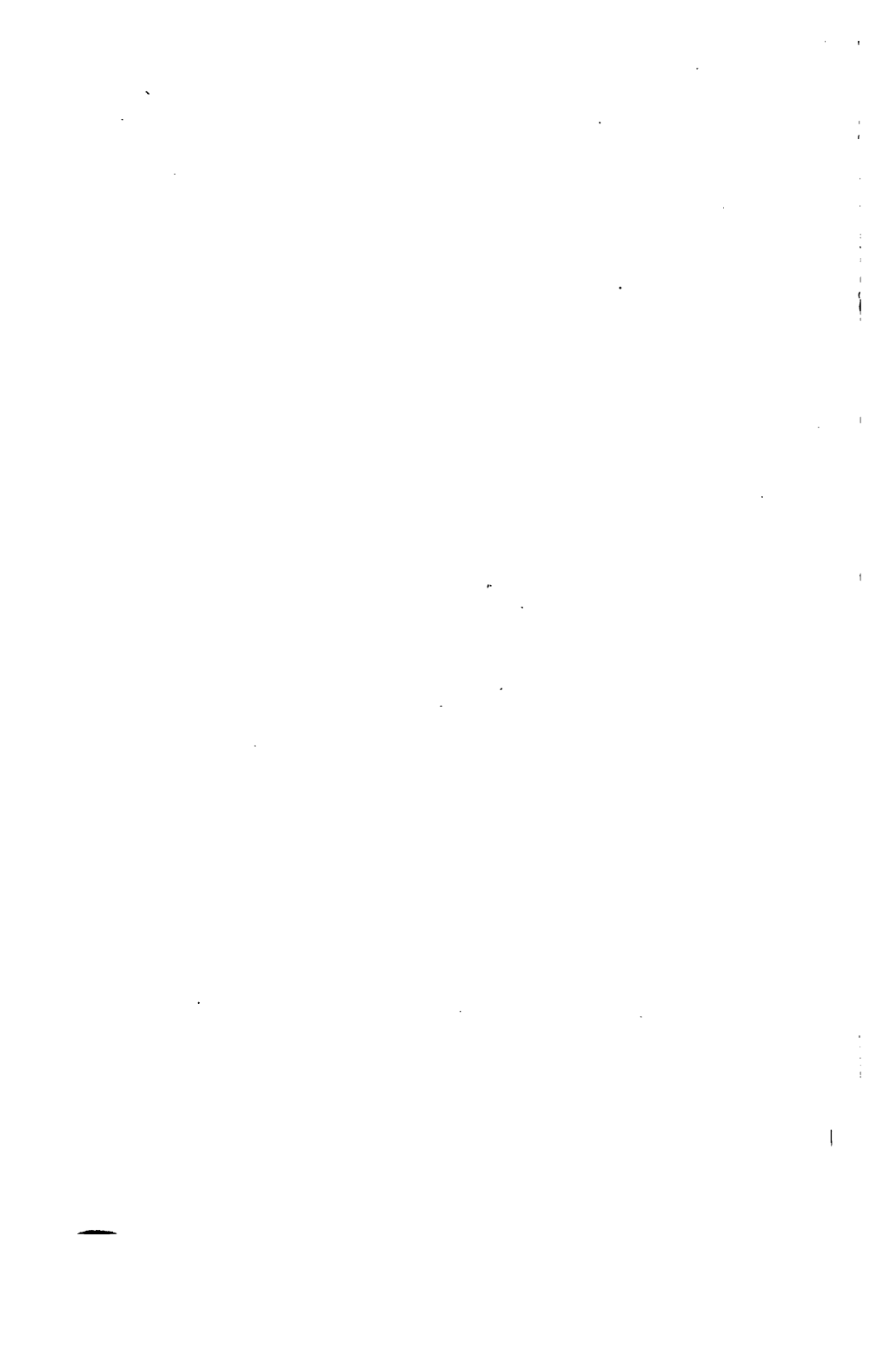
Moreover, the cholera came as an epidemic

that spring, and I witnessed the death of one man, who fell in the street. He was at once taken up by the patrol wagon and buried; others were reputed to have met with a similar fate, and to prevent spreading of the scourge, they were at once buried. These reports of the ravages of this frightful epidemic were an added cause of my sudden departure for my home. Therefore, with Benjamin Hallowell's full permission, I did not remain until the close of the term, but returned to the farm in the early spring.

That season on the farm, with light work, and in the open air, was what I needed, and I made this change just in time. But I frequently felt the effects of my past overwork and anxiety, and that summer I noticed symptoms I had never observed before. Several times, from exertion in the sun in the hay and harvest field, I fell unconscious, and was carried to the house. The doctors pronounced it a sunstroke once or twice; but I soon passed by that crisis, and only once since have I had a return of similar symptoms. They were chiefly, no doubt, the result of my overwork in Alexandria, and the worry there — which is worse, if possible, than overwork.



WILLISTON SEMINARY, IN 1849



CHAPTER IV

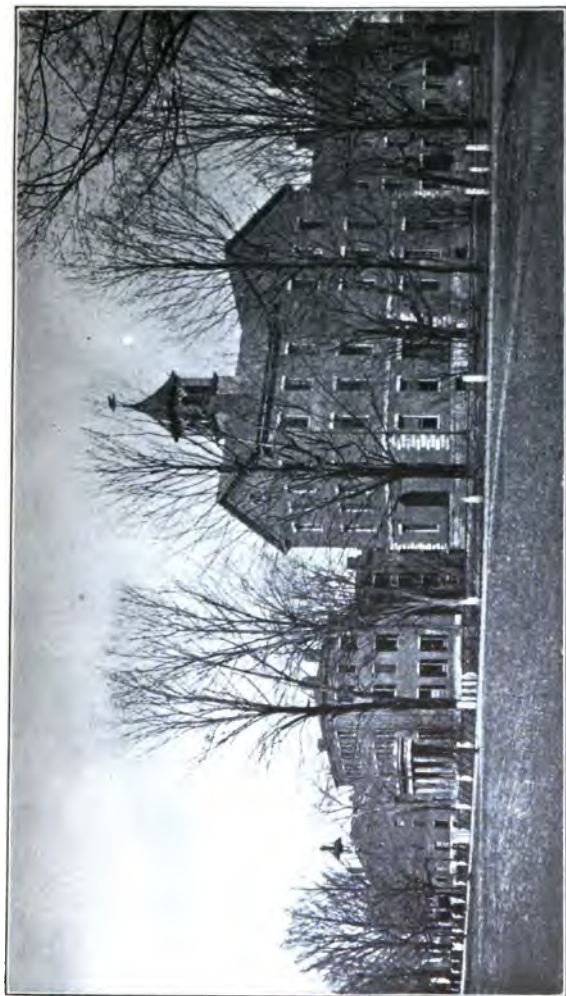
STUDENT IN WILLISTON SEMINARY AND YALE

1848-1851

IN the early fall I went to Easthampton, Massachusetts, and entered Williston Seminary, where my sister Rebecca and her friend Sarah Warner Beans (who later became my wife) had spent the previous year. On entering Easthampton, under good instructors in Latin and Greek, I found my progress very different from what it had been at Alexandria. I felt very much restricted in money matters, as I wished to depend as much as possible upon the small amount that I had saved during the seven years of my teaching, drawing as little as possible upon my parents, who could not well afford to furnish me with funds, though always glad to do so to the best of their ability. I practiced great economy, and being trained by my mother in Graham's system of diet, I used Graham bread, which I weighed to prevent overeating. I bought mo-

lasses, and kept myself on bread and molasses only, for many weeks at a time. My expenses were thus reduced to about fifty or sixty cents a week. For a time, after I took regular board, I split wood in the cellar for my landlady, in part payment.

At Easthampton I met with a serious accident. With other boys I was practicing on the trapeze, and we four went flying around, the ropes stretched almost to a horizontal line. In the midst of this I lost my hold on the rope, and of course went flying through the air, half way across the large playground. I fell on my outstretched right arm, and made a bad break near the elbow, the broken end of the bone being forced through the flesh and skin. We called in the doctor (there were no surgeons there then), who placed me on a chair with my face toward the back, and by main force pulled my arm around the back of the chair until he said it was "in place," and then bound it up. Of course the pain was excruciating. That day the lesson which had been assigned us covered all the forms of the Greek verb. I soothed my pain by walking the floor the entire night, committing those Greek forms, with all of the printed accents, which must be



WILLISTON SEMINARY, IN 1906

carefully given. When morning dawned I felt that I had mastered the difficult lesson. When recitation hour came I repeated the forms without an error.

I presented myself at Yale for examination at the end of my year at Easthampton, and was admitted to the Freshman class without a condition, passing a successful examination on my twenty-fifth birthday, September 24, 1850. My friends, Henry C. Hallowell and Francis Miller, entered as Sophomores that fall, they having been ready for the examinations the previous year. The class of 1853, which they entered, has some names on the list well known in this country. Of these I may mention Andrew D. White, since president of Cornell University and ambassador to Russia and Germany, the distinguished statesman Wayne MacVeagh, and Edmund C. Stedman, who was the class poet and is one of the most gifted of our living literary men. In the class of 1852 were Homer B. Sprague, a leading educator, and Daniel C. Gilman, the first president of Johns Hopkins University, and until recently at the head of the new Carnegie Institute in Washington.

At Easthampton, though not robust, I en-

joyed fair health, and considered myself well when I entered Yale. This good health, I think, would have continued and been fully confirmed, but for the fact that, by the advice of my physician, I had acquired the habit of smoking before leaving Easthampton for Yale. There I had a Sophomore for a roommate who was an inveterate smoker. I well recall one evening early in that year when the annual attempt of the Sophomores was made to haze the Freshmen by smoking them out. In most of the rooms which they visited they met with their usual success, but those who came to our room found us their match, for we both sat and smoked with them till the small hours of the night, when at last, some of our visitors becoming sick, they retired in a body, and left us masters of the situation. Of course the experiment was never repeated. But some time before the year was over, I was convinced that smoking was injuring my nerves, and I abandoned it without the serious difficulty that many have experienced. I have never resumed the practice, and have done all that I could to discourage it, especially among the young, who are more injured by it, I am sure, than those past middle life,



EDWARD H. MAGILL AT YALE, IN 1850



but I must say that for *all* it is a practice more honored in the breach than in the observance. So at least my own experience and careful observation have taught me.

Having finished all the mathematical studies then required at Yale before entering college, while I recited mathematics with my class and passed the usual examinations, I naturally gave the most of my time and attention to Greek and Latin,—those three studies, in that day, being the sum and substance of undergraduate work. Being so deficient in the two ancient languages, I worked hardest upon them, and did only the required work, never presenting myself for a prize either in Greek or Latin. Mathematics were, indeed, more like play to me than work. They were a real relief from my classical studies. While at Alexandria, Benjamin Hallowell had rarely left us a day without some original mathematical problem of his own to solve; and this was an occupation in which he took especial delight. The result of all this was that in Yale I presented myself for the prize in mathematics, with many, or perhaps most, of our class of one hundred and seven. As a result I obtained the first prize in that study for the Freshman

year. In consequence of the irregular and hurried character of my later courses, this was the only prize I ever received in college. The prize was a book of our own selection, and I chose the two volumes of Chambers's "Encyclopædia of English Literature," in which President Theodore Woolsey wrote with his own hand the fact that it was the "First Prize in Mathematics of the Freshman year of the class of 1854." But a classmate, William H. Eastman, who was one of the youngest of our class, and who is now connected with the State Library of New York, came out even with me, so that we were both regarded as recipients of the prize in mathematics.

Of all the professors under whom I studied that year in Yale, I always regarded James Hadley, professor of Greek, as the most thorough and accurate drillmaster that I had ever known. He was the well-known author of Hadley's Greek Grammar; and the present successful President Hadley of Yale is his only child — worthy son of a most worthy father. How well I remember those thorough drills in "The Formation of the Greek Verb," in the early morning classes. In those days we had one recitation in the morn-



PROF. JAMES HADLEY



ing before breakfast, by "early candlelight," the light upon our books falling from the tallow dips in their tin candle frames hanging around the wall, for it was before the general introduction of gaslight, and much before the means of using the brilliant light of electricity was invented. In 1850-51, the electrical experiments at Yale, as elsewhere, were confined to those with Leyden jars. These were coated inside and out with tin-foil, the electricity being generated by a glass cylinder turned by hand and collected in the jars. The only other exhibitions of electricity were the flashes of lightning in a summer thunderstorm; but the idea of harnessing that power for the various purposes to which it is now applied was not among the most visionary dreams of the most enthusiastic student of nature. Even Franklin's early experiments with his kite in West Philadelphia had not led to the further investigations which have since produced such marvelous results.

In that, my Freshman year at Yale, I had no lessons with President Woolsey, and rarely heard him speak except in church on the Sabbath day, and a few times when he called the students together on the occasion of some

general violation of the rules. As a preacher his sermons were usually very practical and very impressive; and, as a Friend, I have always felt that the attendance required of the students was a real advantage to me, making me realize more fully what indeed I had already often thought — that I could better learn religious truth by hearing preachers of different denominations than by confining myself to the meetings of our small Society. This was still more deeply impressed upon me in the following year, when, for reasons hereafter to be explained, I was a member, for the time, of the congregation of the Baptists, under President Francis Wayland: thus hearing regularly a Congregationalist one year and a Baptist the next. I was, I think, a better Friend when later I returned among Friends, than I ever could have been without this varied experience.

One of the special occasions when I heard an address of President Woolsey's to our class, I very distinctly remember. We were called together to settle some case of disorder, which boys and young men are not always averse to causing, even when under good management. The exact circumstance I do not now recall,

but one statement of our honored president made an indelible impression upon my mind. We had been told that unless the disorder was promptly explained, and proper apologies were made before a given time in the near future, the whole class would be sent home for the remainder of the college year; and he added: "Gentlemen, I suppose you may think that your presence here is essential to the existence of the college. If we should send you all home and lose your tuition money, the college would be financially the gainer, for it depends upon its endowments, and not upon your tuition fees; and if you all dropped out for a year the college would suffer 'no loss, for it costs much more to keep you here than the fees for tuition which you pay; so that it may be said that you are all living here at the expense of the college, and in that sense you are, each and all of you, beneficiary students." Whatever the disorder may have been, which I never knew, I well remember that soon after this address of the president it was satisfactorily settled.

A practice of Professor Hadley's with his Greek class is worthy of mention here. We read with him the last six books of Homer's

Odyssey, and I once asked him why we began with Book XIX instead of Book I. "Well," he replied, "that is just as well for you, as I give you from time to time the outline of the earlier books that you may better appreciate the close; and for my own personal pleasure I like to read the books in order; so I take six books of the twenty-four each year, and your class happens to be the fourth one with which the pleasant experiment has been tried." This revealed the thorough and live student, which he never ceased to be, and of which he was always for us so fine an example. To live one year under the direct influence of so inspiring a teacher has been to me, I am sure, as to many another, a lifelong source of good. He was the second of the truly great teachers I am fortunate enough to have had in my life's experience, the first being Benjamin Hallowell. Of the other three I shall have occasion to say a good deal — and of the causes of their greatness — as I proceed with this history.

Toward the close of this, my Freshman year at Yale, I felt that to go through the full course there, and graduate with my class in 1854, would take too long a time, and I be-

gan to devise methods for shortening it without losing my coveted degree. The course could perhaps be made up by later study after I again returned to teaching. I should be twenty-six soon after the close of my Freshman year, and nearly twenty-nine when I should receive my degree from Yale, and I really felt that the age of twenty-nine would be rather late to resume the profession for which I was preparing.

CHAPTER V

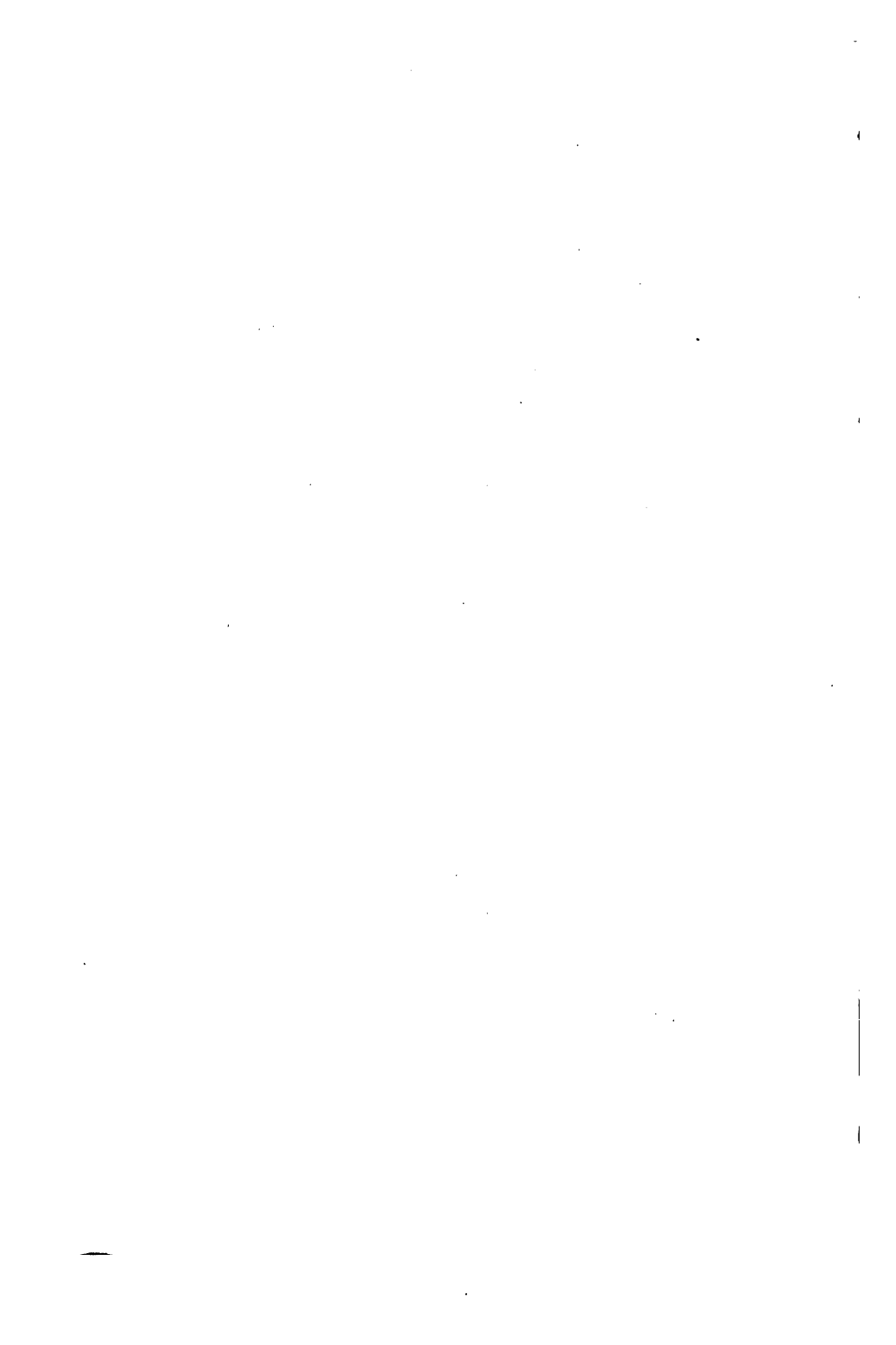
STUDENT IN BROWN UNIVERSITY

1851-1852

JUST at the period of my annual examination at Yale, by one of those strange circumstances which seem accidental, but which I have long felt to be providential, a pamphlet fell into my hands, published by Dr. Francis Wayland, president of Brown University, immediately after his return from abroad, where he had made a special study of the colleges of Europe. This pamphlet gave a clear and attractive exposition of what the author called "The New College System." This system presented more elective studies — before scarcely known in our colleges — and gave the degree of A. B. for a three instead of four years' course. It also abandoned the old practice of giving the second degree of A. M. simply "on time," or "in course," but gave it only after a further study of three courses in one year, or one course in three years. This was indeed



DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND



laying the axe at the root of the tree, and proposing radical and much-needed changes, which few, if any, without the strong personality of Dr. Wayland, would have dared to propose. This variety of electives made the college courses practicable for a greater number of young men than they ever reached before. I say young *men*; for as yet, even the progressive and brave Dr. Wayland had not reached that point of progress which makes equal provision in college for young women and young men. But the world moves on, and the very instrumentalities which Dr. Wayland organized without an idea as to such a result have enabled Brown University to take the fine stand which it maintains to-day, in admitting young women to a college course of study more liberal than any offered to college students of the past generation.

As soon as I had read this remarkable pamphlet of Dr. Wayland's, I lost no time, after full admission to the Sophomore class at Yale, in visiting Dr. Wayland in his home in Providence. I laid before him my condition quite fully, and said that having just been admitted without conditions to the Sophomore class at Yale, I desired to go to Brown in the autumn,

take up a certain number of electives — largely in Greek and Latin — and get my degree of A. B. at the following commencement in 1852 — or two years before my class at Yale. He heard me through patiently, and then said, in his rather stern, forbidding manner: “Young man, what you propose to do is possible, but not probable.” “Well,” I replied, “if you regard it as possible, I wish to undertake it;” and he said that I might make the trial. Quite elated with my success thus far, I was about to leave his study (that familiar northeast room of the then president’s house, at the head of College Street), and as I turned to go he stopped me and said: “There is one thing more to be said before you are admitted to the college; all are required to attend church regularly here, and they may select in the beginning which one it shall be.” I hesitated a moment, knowing that our branch of Friends was not represented in New England, and I was considering whether I should select the Unitarian church, where Frederic H. Hedge was then the popular minister, or attend the meeting of the “Orthodox” Friends, or the Baptist services in the chapel of the university. The doctor’s keen eyes, shining through his

heavy bushy eyebrows, caught my hesitation and he said at once: "Young man, when a man has lost his religion, I tell him that Providence is the place to come and find it, for we have all sorts here." I at once replied: "Please put my name down on your list, as I will attend the chapel and hear you." And never have I had cause to regret that prompt decision. So, as I have said before, my year at Yale, under the ministry of President Woolsey of the Congregational church, and my year at Brown at the Baptist church, under the ministry of President Wayland, aided much in giving me a wider view of the religious thought of the world. From that time I have become more and more attached to the beautiful, simple, and practical religion of the Religious Society of Friends, in which I was born.

It was in the autumn of 1851 that, having been admitted to Brown University, I entered upon my studies in what was to be, if my plans matured, the last year of my college preparation for my life's work. As I had done during the two previous years of study, I planned my work and made my selection of courses with great care, taking under Dr. Wayland his

course in mental and moral philosophy ; with Professor George I. Chace the course in chemistry ; with Professor Wheeler the course in Greek ; with Professor Robinson P. Dunn the course in elocution and English ; with Professor John L. Lincoln the course in Latin, and with Professor Samuel S. Green the course in pedagogics — this last subject being then introduced for the first time into a college of this country.

It was to this course that I was largely indebted for the position of teacher, which I secured so promptly in the autumn of 1852, immediately after my graduation. Professor Green had been the superintendent of the public schools in Providence, and I was placed by him, in connection with his successor in that office, Daniel Leach, at the head of the Boys' Classical High School.

During my year at Brown I had good opportunity to see that I must place President Wayland among the very few really superior teachers whom I had yet known. I have already referred to Benjamin Hallowell as first among these ; Dr. Wayland was the third in point of time, but by no means in quality. No one of them was eminently successful in gov-

erning either men or boys, but as real living *teachers* I had never then seen their superior. Their love of study and studious habits, and their control of the minds of their students in study hours, were all that could be desired. In our class in moral philosophy, I remember a course pursued by Dr. Wayland which gave us good training and a thorough mastery of the subject in hand. We usually had for a lesson from ten to fifteen pages of his volume on Moral Philosophy, and the doctor did but little talking himself until we had all been heard. He called upon us regularly in the order in which we sat, and the first one (beginning at different parts of the class at different times) he would ask to give an analysis of the lesson. This the student was expected to do without question or suggestion. Then he would call each one to take up the topics in their order. When we had all thus been heard, the doctor would spend say one third of the hour at its close, in a general talk on the subjects of the lesson and their practical bearing upon our lives, conduct, and character. These closing talks of his were always most impressive. They have left upon my mind most valuable and varied impressions that

seem to make an essential part of what I am to-day, and which are very vivid after the lapse of half a century. It seems to me that no teacher could ever expect to pass down to succeeding generations important convictions of his own more successfully than did this truly great teacher.

One instance in connection with Dr. Wayland's methods in recitation rises before me vividly. One of our class had fallen into the habit, quite early in the year, of coming a little late to recitation. One morning he came in as usual, but it was just after the student whose place was next above his had recited and taken his seat. A moment after the delinquent had sat down, Dr. Wayland said, as usual: "The next will discuss the next topic." The tardy student looked a little dazed, and rose without knowing what to do. The doctor simply said, "You may proceed with the discussion of the next topic." The delinquent replied, in some confusion, "I did not hear the last topic discussed." Whereupon the doctor said at once, "That will do; the next will please proceed," and of course gave the delinquent a zero for that day. It may well be supposed that the tardy student in question never again was

delinquent that year, or at least not in the doctor's classes. That was a lesson taught without words. Once when the doctor was giving us his admirable and clear summing up of the subject of the entire lesson, — which he rarely if ever omitted, — for some reason his remarks were not followed by the usual fixed attention of all. I shall never forget the kindness of the tone in which he rebuked the class, saying that he had always enjoyed giving his time to the teaching of appreciative classes, and how much wounded he always was by seeming indifference or inattention. He did not fail to remind us that while he enjoyed the personal intercourse with earnest and attentive students, if he could not secure that, he much preferred having audiences of hundreds and thousands, as he could readily do by giving up personal teaching, and writing books. It was very seldom indeed that our class was open to such a rebuke.

I have spoken of Dr. Wayland's strict discipline as not being always productive of the desired effect. During the year preceding my admission to Brown, the year 1850-51, the doctor had decided that more constant oversight of the men who roomed in college was

essential, and that the professors must spend a part of their evenings in domiciliary visits to the students pursuing their studies in their college rooms. This was distasteful to most professors, and certain of them declined to do their appointed part in these visits; but the doctor persisting, some two or three of the professors left the university and sought work elsewhere. These changes were felt at the time to be a real loss to the university. The loss of the oversight of these professors did not affect me, as, in common with many others, I took rooms in a private house in the city, and never roomed in the college halls.

Another incident was currently reported among the students during my year at Brown. It was said by some that Dr. Wayland's method of discipline was illustrated by a case which occurred in his own family. The report was as follows: The doctor's severity and firmness passed by inheritance to a son who, at that time, was quite young. This boy asked his mother for something upon the table. The mother, being quite busy, asked the doctor to wait on the boy. This he offered to do, but the little fellow refused food from the hands of his father, and insisted on being waited upon

by his mother. To this the doctor objected, and told the boy that he must take the food from him. The little fellow continuing the opposition, the doctor said that he should have no more until he would take it from his hands. It was said that the boy refused all nourishment on such conditions, and remained without food some days, until a physician was consulted to see how long it would be safe to continue to insist. The story went that the boy finally yielded and saved his life. The story always seemed to me doubtful, and it has sometimes occurred to me that this, and also much that was said about the doctor's unreasonableness with his professors, was greatly exaggerated, if not altogether untrue.

I am the more inclined to this conclusion by all of his kindness toward myself; and, although I called upon him a number of times, I never had occasion to think him harsh, severe, or discourteous. His brave action in whatever he deemed to be right was plainly manifested in his pamphlet, "The New College System," already mentioned. This system, inaugurated at Brown by Dr. Wayland, has become almost universal since his day; but to stand up against public opinion and start the movement required

an able and strong-willed man — and that is what the doctor certainly was. I may remark here that some few years later, the doctor's health making it necessary for him to resign the presidency, his place was taken by the Reverend Barnas Sears, a fine scholar, especially in Greek, and a most worthy man, but not in sympathy with Dr. Wayland's "new system," and the old order of things was restored.

Being so situated after graduation that I could conveniently take up a three years' course (one subject a day for the time) to get the full A. M. degree, I did so ; and I know of no one besides myself who ever took full advantage of the doctor's change. There may have been others, but I think not. In a few years Dr. Sears resigned, having been appointed to take charge of the Peabody Educational Fund.

With reference to Dr. Wayland's nature, which was really kind and courteous at heart, I vividly recall my last visit to him, some time after my graduation. I thought the time might come when I should desire to seek another situation as teacher, and I called upon the doctor at his home, where I found him at work in the garden, among his flowers, and asked him for a letter of recommendation. He

stopped his work, kindly invited me into his study, and after a short conversation wrote these words, as nearly as I can now remember them : " This is to certify that the bearer, Edward H. Magill, was graduated with honor at Brown University, with the degree of A. B., in 1852, and that he is well qualified to teach any subject upon which he himself shall claim to be qualified." This unique form I have myself adopted for some especially worthy applicants, at different times; and I may add that I have never had occasion to make use of the doctor's kind recommendation myself.

I have spoken of Professor George I. Chace as my instructor in chemistry. He was one of the most indefatigable and painstaking teachers that I ever knew. He was never known, I believe, to fail in a chemical experiment before his class, for he invariably tried every one of them before the class came in. Thus he never had occasion to repeat the words so often heard from some lecturers: " Gentlemen, the experiment fails, but the principle is true notwithstanding." Professor Chace always opened his lectures by a thorough quiz upon the previous lecture. He expected us to be ready, and he was so uniform in this that we

were very sure to be prepared for it. I recall one case of a student whose answers were usually the result of shrewd guesses rather than of careful study. The professor was asking him how indigo acted in a certain mixture, and the guessing student said in reply : " The indigo floated or sank, I am not sure which ; but I am sure it was one way or the other." " Young man," said Professor Chace, rather sternly, though he was usually gentle, " everything in life is one way or the other, and what you come to college for is to find out *which way it is*." I never observed that this sharp reprimand made a material change in this young man's habit ; and even in his law cases (for he became a lawyer) I suppose that he went on guessing to the end of his short life. If chemistry had been a favorite study of mine, I should, no doubt, put down George I. Chace among my few truly great teachers.

Owing to the great importance of Latin in every college course in those days, and to the deficiency of my early preparation in it, I found it necessary to devote a large portion of my time to Latin. My teacher was Professor John L. Lincoln, and him I must name as the fourth in point of time, of my truly great



PROF. JOHN LARKIN LINCOLN, LL. D.

teachers. He carefully explained to us how to unravel difficult constructions; but while teaching words, he was no teacher of words alone without the thought. With him, the thought of an author was the main thing, while the form of expression was not without its importance. All who are familiar with his excellent edition of the works of Horace, that model of a class volume, will appreciate what I say. With him, a lesson to be good must be as good as the student could possibly prepare; and he had a remarkable faculty for gauging the mind of a student. With him a lesson that would pass for a good one from one student would be but an indifferent one from another. When he translated for us—as he occasionally did—some of the odes or epistles of Horace, the words and phrases which fell from his lips were those of a master of English speech. On one occasion, when we were to have one of his searching and thorough examinations on all of the Odes of Horace, I resolved that I would not allow one ode, or one verse or line of an ode, to escape a careful rendering into the best English that I could then command. To secure this end, I spent on that single occasion the

entire previous twenty-four consecutive hours in going over every ode, and in recalling every rendering that he had given us, and every collateral note upon it. For the examination on the following day, I well recall his giving me 100, or the full maximum mark. He spoke to me of it afterward, and asked how I had so well recalled every point of a study of some months; and when I told him, he said such an effort as that was surely worth a record of 100; and added that he did not remember having given the mark before. He was never noted for the high-marking of his students. I made up my loss of sleep by a sleep nearly as long as my wakeful period of twenty-four hours, and was then quite myself again, and ready for work.

On one other occasion I remember such a Rip van Winkle sleep. It was during my work in the Providence High School, and after a long written examination of a large class and the mass of papers involved. I returned home on Seventh-day (Saturday) evening, and slept, with scarcely a conscious waking, until Second-day (Monday) morning. It seems almost incredible, but it was actually so once, and but once in my life. I recalled afterwards a par-

tial waking, about twilight on First-day (Sunday) evening, but was soon again lost in sleep. Throughout my active life I have been able, when very weary, to sleep under almost any circumstances or amid any surroundings ; and doubtless it has been one of the means of preserving my almost phenomenal health through a life which has at times required unusual exertion.

I must say a few more words about my excellent friend and able teacher, John L. Lincoln. During the course of my teaching in the Providence High School, my former Latin professor came in to see me train one of my classes in Latin grammar. I was in the habit of requiring the committal of long rules to memory, with long lists of exceptions — a practice then in vogue in teaching Latin, and which I saw in full operation later, in the Boston Latin School. The professor remarked to me, dryly, after the class, that it was “well to catch boys young to teach them to repeat such lists, and before they were old enough to know better.”

Some time after my graduation at Brown, Professor Lincoln sent me word that I had stood high enough in my class at graduation

to be eligible to election in Phi Beta Kappa, but that I had not then been elected because I was an irregular student, being one of Dr. Wayland's "new course" men; that he had proposed me to the society for membership notwithstanding, on the ground of my success in college; and that I had been elected. I was, certainly, very grateful to him for thus remembering me when I had not a wholly legitimate ground for such election to membership in that time-honored literary society.

It was soon after taking my degree in Brown that I was elected by the school board of Providence as classical teacher in the High School. This was done without any solicitation on my part, but at the suggestion, as I have said, of Professor Samuel S. Greene. I returned to my home in Solebury, Bucks County, for that summer vacation, feeling that the three years of my special preparation for my life's work at Williston, Yale, and Brown were now completed, and that the earnest work itself was about to begin. After an engagement of five years, I now prepared for my marriage with Sarah Warner Beans in the autumn.

CHAPTER VI

PRINCIPAL OF PROVIDENCE CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL

1852-1859

WHEN the summer vacation was over I returned to New England, and entered upon my duties in the Providence High School. There were at first three classes of boys, Rooms I, II, and III. As the last teacher appointed, I began in Room III. We soon divided the school into two departments, called the English and Classical departments. Before that first year was over, the teacher at the head of the classical department left, and I succeeded him.

I had a hard year's work before me, for besides my school work I had arranged with a professor in the university to take with him one lesson a day, and thus go on with the work necessary to secure the degree of A. M., the A. B. having been conferred at the past commencement. By Dr. Wayland's system, as I have said, to get the second degree I must

take one course for three years or three courses for one year. Naturally, I chose the first of these, for one course was quite all I could carry while engaged in teaching.

The head of the Providence High School, before my connection with it, was one who, later, has been well known as an author and educator, and who now, after a long service, is professor emeritus of Brown University, Albert Harkness. At that time he had gone to Europe for further study and fuller preparation for his work. After the division of the High School into the two departments, English and Classical, I was at last happy in, and satisfied with, my work, finding it each year more congenial and attractive. Of course Latin was the leading study, and for this I had now become reasonably well prepared.

During the first three years of my teaching, the young men and boys occupied one end of the building, the young women and girls the other. The two schools were quite as distinct and separate as though they had been in different parts of the city. At that time Miss Shaw was the able and successful head of the young women's rooms. Of their division into Classical and English rooms, like the boys',

I had no knowledge; but there was a general closing-day — a species of commencement which ended the school year, with public speaking as the principal exercise. For this the men teachers prepared the boys, and the women teachers the girls. There was a peculiar arrangement adopted for these exercises. The young men prepared written addresses, which they committed to memory and delivered from the platform. The young women's productions were always called "essays," and never "orations," like those of the young men. Although the young men stood on the platform to speak, this was not considered proper for the young women; they read their essays standing on the lowest of the three steps leading to the platform, thus signifying the humbler position to be taken by woman.

Indeed, the movement giving to women the opportunity of a high-school education was then in its infancy, even in progressive New England. It was but a few years earlier that the girls of Boston were first admitted to the High School, and not, at first, to high schools of their own; but it was voted by the school board that the girls could be admitted to "occupy the seats made vacant by the boys"

in summer only, when many of the boys were kept at home to work. It hardly seems possible now that such educational conditions could have existed in our country within the memory of those still living. But the world is moving on, and we sometimes feel that our own country is in the advance guard of this movement; in some respects this is undoubtedly true.

A few weeks after the opening of my school in 1852, I had a few days of vacation given me by our board, to return to my native place to be married. I did not, on that occasion, do as I often did later, when absent from the school, leave the students under the care of one of their number as monitor, or even sometimes under their own care, depending upon their honor and allowing them to go on with their studies alone. I had not thus early secured the full control of my students. In later years, I could depend upon their hours being well spent under absolute self-control. I occasionally visited other schools, and even some in neighboring towns, while my students were under entire self-government. On more than one such occasion committee-men had visited my school, and had said pleasantly

afterwards that they were not sure but that I had better remain away permanently, as they noticed better order, if possible, in my absence than in my presence. These conditions I began to labor to establish during this the first year after my graduation, and they were based upon the cultivation of friendly feeling and of perfect confidence between my students and myself. To do this I left them not infrequently for short periods, on their honor; and when such a relation is once established between a teacher and his students, the confidence placed in them by a teacher is rarely misplaced. I never attempted to establish the rule of no whispering among them, such a rule always having the effect, and very soon, of destroying the relation of confidence which is so desirable. I remember some who were occasional visitors and who did not know my methods, looking a little worried, and having their attention distracted from the recitation by their close watch of students in the back part of the room. Occasionally, after the visit of such a watcher, he would say as he left, after an hour's visit, as though he thought he was giving me valuable information, "I think that I have seen a few words exchanged in the back

part of the room during this visit." I told him, indifferently, that if he had seen every student in the back part of the room exchange words with another while studying, I should not have been at all surprised, as my only rule was that they should occupy themselves with earnest study during study hours, and not speak unless they found it necessary, and then not too frequently and in a low voice. The machine teachers who visited me at this time found my classes live boys and young men, and not mere dead automatons. I have known teachers to cultivate the habit of falsehood in their students by their arbitrary rules as to whispering, calling the roll at the close of each day, and requiring the students to report the number of their violations of the rule.

With this kindly relation early established between my students and myself, I found the months and years of my teaching in Providence among the most pleasant that I had ever known ; and as weeks passed on into months, and months into years, I felt that now at last — my preparation for my profession being finished, except in so far as I could continue it myself during my work — it was certain that I had made no mistake in choosing my occu-

pation in life. I can still say that I can conceive of no regular life-work more attractive than that of a teacher whose life is devoted to it. One result of this harmonious relation between myself and my students has been that now, long after reaching full manhood and womanhood, they consider me among the best friends of their earlier years; and it is a joy indeed, after the long separation, to meet them again, and to hear, by tongue or by pen, the accounts of their happy and successful lives, and of their vivid memories of those early days in school or college.

One of the members of our school board in those days was a teacher of long experience, who kept, quite near the High School, "Kingsbury's Private School for Girls." He was so popular that students could never be sure of a place without having their names entered a full year in advance. He might soon have doubled or trebled the size of his school, but he wished to have every student under his own personal management and instruction, and I do not think that he ever employed an assistant teacher. His personality was dignified, courteous, yet affable and kind in tone and manner, and he impressed me as a model

teacher. He often visited my school in his capacity as director, and once or twice, hardly more, I had the great privilege of looking in upon him at his work in school hours. He gave me many a useful hint drawn from his early experience. He once told me that he noticed that on Monday mornings he always observed more restlessness and inattention among his students than at other times, and wondered, at first, what was the cause. Then he observed that when he had sickness in his family, and his nights had been thus disturbed, his students, the next day, were restless and inattentive, and he could not, for a time, account for the apparent connection of his students with his own affairs at home. Gradually, however, it dawned upon his mind that the restlessness was in himself, and was unconsciously transferred to his pupils. When he became fully convinced of this and resolved to correct it and bring his own mind under proper control, all went well, whatever might be the day of the week, and whatever the condition of his family at home. Few lessons received from other teachers have proved as serviceable to me as this implied lesson from Dr. Kingsbury.

The charter of Brown University is so drawn that its board must consist of a certain number from each of the religious denominations in Rhode Island, and among these the Society of Friends had a fair representation. Dr. Kingsbury told me that, although he was, I think, a Baptist, he had been chosen as the representative of the Friends, there being no suitable Friend presented for the vacancy. I am sure that no one felt that the name of so gentle and cultured a man as Dr. Kingsbury would ever be disapproved by any one, and that no disapproval was ever expressed or entertained.

Of course my professor of pedagogics in Brown, Professor Samuel S. Green, followed me quite closely in my school work, as I was one of the first in this country to be graduated in the then new course of pedagogics. My obligation to him for his training in the college class-room, and his many suggestions to me afterwards, when he saw me at work, I always recall with a feeling of gratitude.

Although I made my home quite near the school that first year after my marriage, I soon found that it would be better for my health to be located farther from the school, and thus

get more exercise in walking to and fro. By a strange tendency of human nature, health seems to be better preserved by forming and following good habits as to diet, drink, and exercise, without having the object of health too prominently before the mind. Many, both early and late in life, are prone to forget this, or not to act upon it, and they never fail to suffer for it.

My preparation for the lessons of the next day was usually made in the evening hours at home, and I early learned that no success worthy of the name could be secured without minute and careful preparation. I thus acquired the habit of retiring not much before midnight, and to make sure of leaving home in time to avoid the danger of late arrival at school, early rising was necessary. But the old copy-book motto was ever before me, — “*Labor omnia vincit*,” — and my heart was in my little home and in my work.

The board of managers in Providence I shall ever remember as being most kind and considerate, helping me by their good counsel in many ways, and fully appreciating the efforts I made. I began my small housekeeping on one of the meagre salaries of those days,

six hundred dollars a year, worth then perhaps about what one thousand would be to-day. The kindness of the board showed itself early in an unexpected and welcome manner. As soon as they heard of the birth of my first child, without a request on my part, they added one hundred dollars to my salary. The same thing was done on the birth of my second child. It will be seen later that they had not the opportunity to continue this as my family increased.

Our first home was in a small rented house toward what was then called the Red Bridge, and quite near the rock which was said to have been the landing-place of Roger Williams, when taking flight from the religious persecution to which he was subjected by the "Pilgrim Fathers." But we were not long satisfied with this small house on the Seekonk River, of which, small as it was, we could afford to occupy only one half (the second story), and I soon bought a few acres of land north of the city, near Pawtucket, and there built a house of convenient size on what has since been called Magill Street, as our home was the first residence erected upon it. With the house I included about three acres or more which I

early planted with pears, and with some hired assistance I made here a pleasant home for the four years we were yet to remain in Providence. As I found enough exercise here without walking to and from the school, now some three to four miles away, I rode in the omnibus mornings and evenings, no trolleys or electric roads of any kind having as yet of course been heard of.

It was about or soon after this time that my third year in the Providence school was completed; and the three years of necessary study (one lesson a day in college) coming to a close, I presented myself to Professor Gammel for examination on my three years' work. This had been largely in history and political economy, including especially Guizot's "History of Civilization." I never considered that this final test for my second degree was a severe one, as the professor knew well of my work in Brown the first year, and my work in the High School the three succeeding years. He was one of those who considered that earnest work carried on systematically and patiently, year after year, was far more significant in determining worthiness of a degree than any sudden and spasmodic effort on a final examination

day. The examination seems to me now, as I recall it (in the private parlor of Professor Gammel's house), rather a general conversation on Guizot's "History of Civilization," and on general topics of historical interest, than a formal and rigid test. The examination was wholly oral. I was not required to write a word during the two or more hours that I spent with the professor on that memorable morning. On parting he said to me kindly, that he was prepared to recommend me for the second degree, but that his mind had been fully made up as to the recommendation by keeping careful note of my work in the three years just passed.

When I left him I was sure that the goal so long aimed at through six anxious and laborious years since I left Benjamin Hallowell's school in Alexandria was fully reached at last, and that now my life as a teacher, however imperfectly prepared for at first, could be said to have a most auspicious beginning. That night on returning to my little home near Pawtucket, I was a happy man indeed, and, as often, I called up my daughter, then not quite two years old. As usual I found her already put to bed by her careful mother, who

feared that it would injure her to awaken her from her early sleep; but this evening the mother made no objection, and we three enjoyed a happy evening in the knowledge that the second degree had been won at last. How much our eldest born appreciated the cause of my joy I could not say, but later, when her degrees were earned, she came to appreciate it to the full. In the following month my second daughter was born, the first child born in the new house. Even with the added one hundred dollars, the eight hundred dollars now received was a frugal sum even then for the support of a family; and it goes without saying, that my lot was bought and the house built on borrowed capital, to be repaid after my income became sufficiently large to remove the debt and support my family.

Some time after we were settled in North Providence, when at work on my grounds, I was exposed to a late autumn rain. My interest in my garden and grounds was such that I continued the exposure too long, and took a severe cold, the result of which was an attack of typhoid fever. Winter was approaching, and now for the first time in my life I saw before me a long illness. With the

kind consent of my committee, I appointed a trusty student as monitor, and left the school entirely to him. That was to me a most depressing winter, and there were times when I felt that my life's work as a teacher, which I already loved so well, would come to an early termination. But by careful nursing, and the employment of what was then called a "cold water doctor," who dealt much more with baths and douches than with medicine, I was ready to return (after more than three months of illness) to my school on the first of April. How delightful the sensation of returning to my beloved classes and my attractive work ! I recall the moment of my reappearance on that familiar scene as though it were but yesterday. As I opened the door of my school-room, every student rose to receive me, and remained standing until I took my seat. At first I made a short visit, and expressed my feelings toward them in a few grateful words. Each day thereafter I made a visit, gave some necessary directions, got "the run" of the lessons, and by the end of a week I was on full duty again. I have never since, so long as my teaching of classes lasted, had such an interruption. With the kind coöperation of all,

committee, parents, students, and fellow-teachers, I rapidly gained my full strength, and went on as before.

Soon after my return I met my good old friend Dr. Wayland, who through failing health had yielded his place as president to his successor, Dr. Barnas Sears. He addressed me most cordially, and I well recall his earnestness of manner when he warned me against weariness from overdoing in intellectual work; "for," he added, "when one wearies from physical exertion, he is warned in time to desist, but weariness from overwork of the mind is far more dangerous, because then the weariness is often not perceptible until too late." It is very possible that this valuable counsel came from his consciousness of having too much taxed his own mind in the struggle through which he had passed in introducing his "New College System." Be that as it may, the country may well honor him now, as it does, for the great change which he was among the first to inaugurate in our educational conditions.

An important case of discipline in the Providence High School comes to my mind as I write. I will give it as typical, suggesting one

of the important means of securing the cordial coöperation of students. In cases of absence from school, a note from the parent was required, giving the cause of absence. One student lost much time, and yet the note of excuse was always presented on his return, signed regularly by his mother. Feeling anxious about so much loss of time by one in apparent good health, I called upon the mother and had a private conversation with her, showing her the numerous notes signed with her name. She was shocked and grieved beyond expression. She told me that the notes were all forged, and she did not see how I could ever receive her son into the school again. The boy was called in and acknowledged his falsehood, and said he could not ask for readmission. I left and carefully considered the case over night, having promised to call the next day and decide — a species of delay in an important case which I have usually followed through life. When I met the mother and the boy there were three sad hearts in that room. Although the boy was not fond of study, he had always been a good boy in other respects. I said that I had decided to consult no one, and by my own authority I

would readmit him, and that he would not lose caste among his fellows, for his fault should never be revealed. After that I could not wish for a better friend or more faithful student ; and to this day the secret has been kept. He became later an honored minister in one of the large cities of this country. Both he and his mother passed on, some years since, to the higher life.

Our first little country home near Pawtucket became in time a favorite visiting place for my students, who were usually invited out at least twice every year. The first time was to a strawberry festival, when my large strawberries were in their glory, the vines being loaded down with the ripe, luscious fruit of the most approved varieties ; for my gardening was my pleasure and relaxation on holidays, and during the term in the early morning and late evening hours. The other festival came about commencement time, before we separated for the summer vacation. I remember one of these occasions when the students were out in large numbers. Among their sports they took delight in bringing out our eldest daughter, then about five years old. There was a large haycock in the front yard, and they

placed her upon this and told her to make them an address. Not at all abashed, she stood up in her place, spread out her little hands and began the repetition in *Greek* of the oration which one of them had been trained to speak at commencement. When she began, the boy who had thus placed her as the orator of the day, cried out, "Why, you are making my speech!" and he has since referred to this occurrence when we have met at distant intervals. We, her fond parents, little foresaw that she, our eldest, would be among the first of the women who have taken a university degree in this country, and that Latin and Greek would be among her favorite studies.

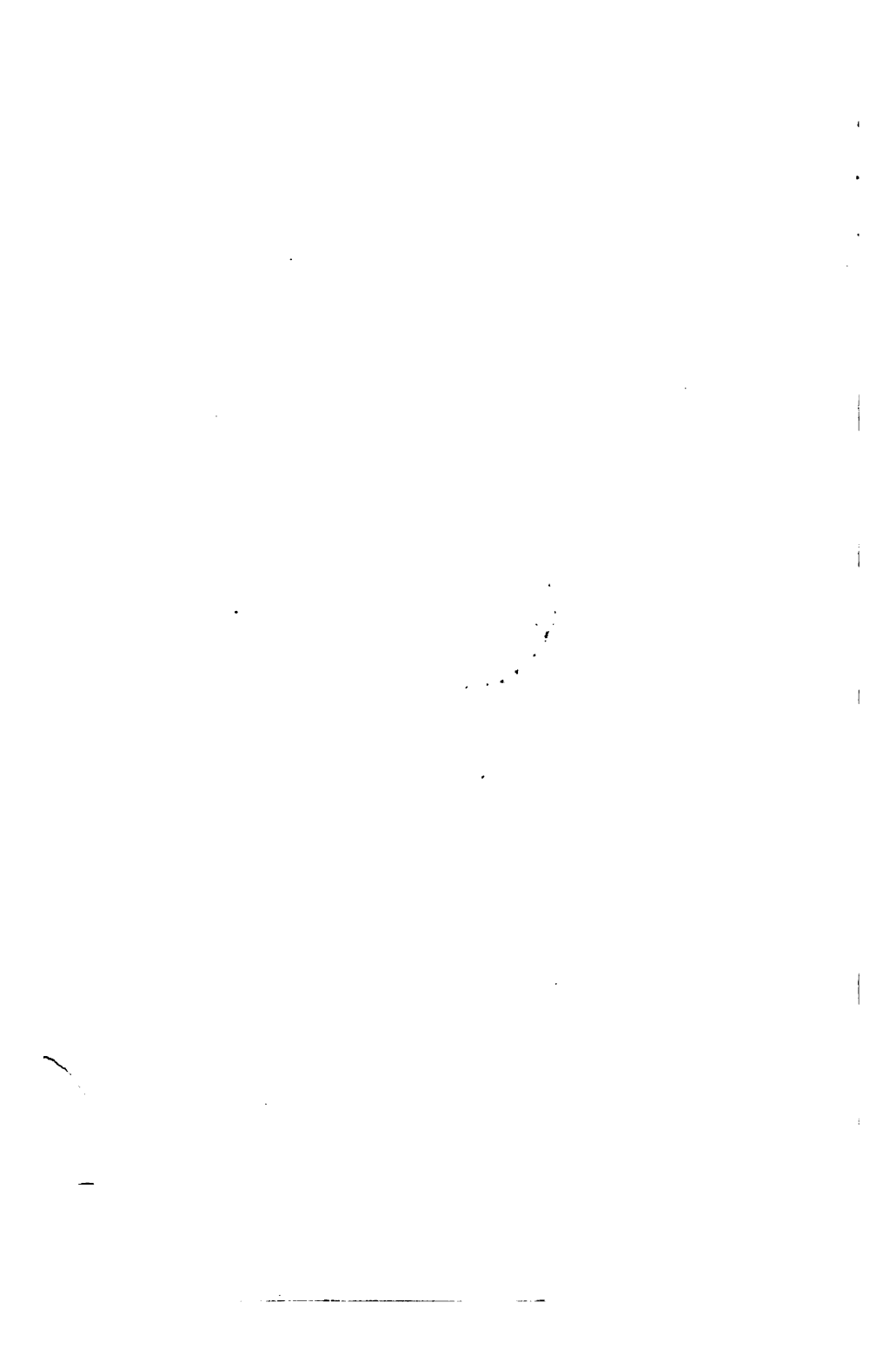
Much as I enjoyed my work in the Providence High School, I saw no opportunity of rising higher in that position, nor of commanding more than the small sum of one thousand dollars a year, which for one with a growing family, and largely dependent upon his salary, seemed very inadequate. I was beginning to think that I might soon feel like using Dr. Wayland's kind recommendation, and seek a place elsewhere, without waiting for the place to seek me.

About this time, quite to my surprise, I re-

ceived word from Dr. Francis Gardner, then the distinguished head of the Boston Latin School, that he would like to visit me in my school, of which he said he had heard good reports. Of course I opened the way for him to do so, and he came one morning, and spent the entire school day hearing different classes recite and witnessing some written examinations. He was a keen observer, and no word was uttered, or order given, that did not arrest his eager attention. I well recall his volunteered criticism on my method of teaching the scanning of Virgil's *Æneid* and the *Eclogues*. I had long felt that the rhythmical and monotonous chant so generally adopted in reading Latin verses was wholly artificial and unnatural, and I strove to combine the expression of thought of the author with the metrical reading. It seemed to me so extremely unlikely that in the days of Virgil and Lucretius there should have been so vast a difference between reading according to the sense and reading according to the metre. I was somewhat proud of my success in this combination, largely my own device, and I showed plainly to Dr. Gardner just what I was doing, and why. His reply, given in his brusque and



FRANCIS GARDNER, LL. D.



impulsive manner, was simply this: "When my students *read* Latin they *read* it; and when they *scan* it they *scan* it; they never *mix* them." Of course that brusque reply seemed "a settler," and I considered that my day's work with him was a failure, and that I should hear of him no more.

What then was my surprise and pleasure a few days later to have a letter from him inviting me to come to Boston and take the position of First Submaster in the Latin School, when it should reopen in the fall. I have said that some change had been thought of by me as soon to be desired, but to go from my attractive work in Providence to the position next to the head of the most distinguished classical school in New England was far beyond my highest hopes and dreams. My attachment to my students in Providence, the invariable kindness and courtesy of the members of my committee, and what then seemed to me very important — the immediate proximity of my Alma Mater, where I was so well known — all of these considerations rose before me and made my decision an exceedingly difficult one. But I soon saw clearly that the way thus unexpectedly opening before me was

really providential and not accidental, and I accepted the position. That I did so thus promptly was one of the best things that I remember. I had then taught eight years without adequate preparation, taken three years to complete the preparation, and had now served seven years in the position for which I had been laboriously prepared, and the next step — Boston and the Latin School — was plain before me.

CHAPTER VII

SUBMASTER IN BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL

1859-1867

ONE circumstance caused me some anxiety during the summer vacation of 1859. This was that as I was to have charge of the second class in the Latin School, a class with but one year more before entering college, most of them going to Harvard, I must teach these forty students, in two divisions, not one or two subjects only, but all the studies they pursued. This was Dr. Gardner's method — to divide the classes as to age and numbers, but not make a division among the teachers of the various studies pursued. Now I felt sufficiently familiar with all the subjects required except one, and in that I knew I should have to work hard to give satisfaction. This was French. I had studied French very imperfectly in Brown, and felt that through that summer vacation I must practically begin anew. But I employed an excellent French

teacher, and to French I gave every moment of that summer that I could possibly spare. Even then, when September came, I dreaded the French far more than any other study intrusted to my care. But we had a model of French pronunciation before us at every recitation. This was "Professor" Montrachy. He knew very little English and simply read the French and corrected the students' pronunciation as they read after him. My great trouble was the pronunciation, which can be learned better from speech than from books.

During the summer of 1859 I was preparing for my removal from Providence to Boston. Although I was fully conscious that this change was a material advance in my profession, — to prepare for which I had spent so much time and all of my limited means, still, the change of locality and surroundings was painful to me. I had never failed since my graduation from Brown in 1852 to be present at the annual commencements. I felt then, as I have felt more and more deeply with each passing year, that my obligation to my Alma Mater, with all the wider outlook on the world which it had given me, was one which no gift of money could ever adequately repay, and that the

very least I could do would be to be present on these public occasions and encourage by my presence, and by my words if need be, this work. I had resolved to encourage young men and boys who were to come under my influence to obtain, when possible, a college education and not an abbreviated one, if that could possibly be avoided. But when I reflected that the school into which I was now about to enter was a very important one in the preparation of young men for the earliest established and at that time the most advanced of all the colleges in our country, the thought made the separation from familiar friends and a settled home somewhat easier to bear. Therefore, after disposing of the first home of our own which we had established, where our second daughter was born, and where the third daughter had been recently added to our family, we chartered a freight car, loaded it with our movable worldly belongings, bade adieu to our good friends — the Sissons on one side, the Anthonys on the other, and the Chaces a little farther away at Valley Falls — and took train for Jamaica Plain, a few miles out of Boston, where we had rented a pleasant home.

Another circumstance which I call provi-

dential was that this new home of ours was but a few minutes' walk from the residence of one whom I have always regarded as one of the best, most clear-sighted and conscientious men I have ever known—James Freeman Clarke. No words of mine can do full justice to the excellent influence exercised by him and his family over myself and mine. There were no meetings of our branch of the Religious Society of Friends in or near Boston, and it was not long before the "Church of the Disciples," of which James Freeman Clarke was the pastor, became our religious home. Our creed was a simple one. It read, as I recall the words: "We believe in God, and unite for the study and practice of Christianity." That surely ought to be a creed which any Christian, no matter to what denomination he may belong, could consistently adopt. So at least it seemed to us, and we were early connected with this church, and in the Sunday-school there my eldest daughters were trained during most of the eight years of our residence near Boston.

How vividly, after forty-six years, I recall the day when we, my wife and three daughters—the youngest in her mother's arms—and

myself, with all our worldly possessions, arrived at our new home in Jamaica Plain, to take up the burdens of life among strangers. In the midst of the preparations for removal — the sale of real estate, the packing of our household goods, and the making of farewell visits to our few warm friends — I had never had the duties of the new position, and especially the difficulty about the French classes (for which I was then so imperfectly prepared) out of my mind for two consecutive waking hours; nor were they wholly absent from my troubled dreams. Of course we were weary and glad of rest when we reached the new house; but, as the time to open the school was fast approaching, the unpacking and settling required the utmost exertion of ourselves and a domestic. The Sunday which followed our arrival could not be devoted to anything but household affairs. No church service could be thought of, and when the opening day of the school came and I left home by train, to ride the few miles into Boston and meet Dr. Gardner and my classes in the Latin School, then located on Bedford Street, two squares from the Common, it was with an anxiety which no words can adequately describe.

In my first brief talk with Dr. Gardner he suggested that he would go into my class with me, and make a few introductory remarks. I asked him what he would say to the class ; he replied : " I would not say much ; but simply introduce you, and say that you had been at the head of the Providence High School since your graduation in Brown University seven years ago ; and if you boys can, in any way, get ahead of him, you are welcome to try. I assure you that he will be quite ready for you to attempt it." I thanked him for his proposed introduction, but said that I would not trouble him, but that, with his permission, I would introduce myself. I had learned before from the doctor that the class had given considerable trouble to previous teachers ; it was natural, therefore, for him to think that such a warning as he proposed might be necessary to give me proper standing with them. But I felt that my own method was preferable for myself.

On meeting the boys I said a very few words, expressing my pleasure in meeting a class which had been for three years under the excellent training of the Latin School, and who were now within two years of entering Harvard, which I hoped they all might do in 1861,

without conditions. I assured them that I would do anything in my power the present year to bring about this result, and then, as usual, turn them over to Dr. Gardner for their last year of training. I made no allusion, by word or act, to discipline, taking it for granted that good order and coöperation with me in my labors for their good were to be expected of all. Then I entered upon the classification and assignment of lessons in the various studies pursued. They seemed to take well what I said, but I soon found that there was a spirit of activity and restlessness among them, and that they were likely to prove a very different class of boys from that which I had taught in the Providence High School for seven years past. They were evidently disposed to test the mettle of the new teacher. Little unexpected occurrences would distract them from their study, and some, even among the best of the scholars, were evidently ready for an outbreak; they were not the gentle, sympathetic students I had left in Providence.

The day wore on, and I had a class before me in the beginning of the *Æneid*. Suddenly a word which I had read to them was called out loudly by a dozen voices at once, fairly

startling me. When I inquired what they meant, they told me, in a triumphant tone, that Dr. Gardner trained all the classes to correct every error in pronunciation which they heard. To make them quick to detect false quantities, he gave a credit to the one whose voice he first distinguished in the correction. This, as I afterwards learned, was like a custom of the English Parliament, where a mistake in quantity in quoting a Latin author is greeted with derision. Of course, the doctor had directed them to correct each other in that way ; but they were not expected to have teachers who would be liable to such correction. I saw at once that I must be absolutely sure of the quantity of every Latin word before I ventured to read aloud before the class. No further outbreak occurred that first day.

The session closed at the usual hour, and all were dismissed, there being but one session. An extra afternoon session was given to all the delinquents of the morning, whom the teacher must always meet. Before the afternoon delinquent session closed, I saw that the quiet persistent spirit of hard study and good order was by no means as manifest in this mercurial company of Boston boys as in that

to which I had so long been accustomed ; but I did not reflect that it had taken me seven years of patient labor in Providence to secure the result there, and in my new position, where I was scarcely known, I could not expect to begin with boys having the same spirit as those whom I had left behind me. Hence, on this first night, when I returned to my little family at Jamaica Plain, I quite broke down, expressed bitter regret that I had made the change, and felt that a disgraceful failure was before me, such as some of my predecessors had met with—Phillips Brooks among the number. But the next morning, after a good night's rest, I felt quite myself again, and I am sure that never after, in all my experience as teacher, professor, and president, has the fear of absolute failure so haunted me as it did after that first day in the Boston Latin School. I firmly resolved that from that day on there should be in my vocabulary no such word as *fail*, and it was not long before my earnest efforts were rewarded with all the success I could desire. When the students saw that force was to be met not by force, but by gentleness and kind expostulation, they showed themselves as amenable to ordinary

human sympathies as I could reasonably expect.

It was the habit of our master, Dr. Gardner, to visit and examine our classes at rather frequent and irregular intervals, and at first I dreaded these tests ; but it was not many months before I was glad of his visits, for I caught the thorough spirit of our great master, and his comments were an efficient means of keeping my students well up to their work.

Our organization was peculiar : our five rooms (later six rooms), of about forty students each, were divided into two classes, called first and second divisions. The whole forty, on promotion, were about on an equality as to the ground gone over in the year, but the difference was in the thoroughness of the work, depending upon natural ability and inclination. This arrangement applied to all the classes in the school, and when the course was ended and our first division went to Harvard, the doctor gave them all what he called a "clean bill of health." These men had for years been admitted to Harvard without "conditions." The second division men were, of course, more or less conditioned, and occasion-

ally rejected. The doctor used to boast that for years no first division man that he had sent up had received a single condition.

Dr. Gardner's system of organization, requiring each teacher to instruct his own class in all of the branches studied during the year, had the great advantage of making us very familiar with the character and habits of the students under our care. It also required us to keep up and advance our scholarship in a number of subjects. The more modern method of giving only one subject to each teacher — or the departmental method — may be the most favorable for obtaining a mastery, on the part of both teachers and students, of the subjects taught. I confess, however, that the desirability of knowing well and appreciating the character of our students inclines me still, after much subsequent reflection and observation, to prefer the doctor's to the more modern method, at least in preparatory schools; it may be hardly practicable in a college course.

Dr. Gardner had a most striking method of presenting his thought on all subjects, and I have never forgotten his three requirements for a thoroughly good and successful teacher. They were, first, "integrity;" second, "power

of control;" and third, and least important (he would add for emphasis), "knowledge of the subject to be taught." Of course he did not regard a thorough knowledge of his subject as by any means unimportant for the successful teacher.

The three qualities which he thus named I am sure that he himself possessed in a very high degree. He surely did a good work among the young by naming integrity, the foundation of character, as the essential thing. He would make fine scholars of all who passed under his influence during those formative years, but he was more concerned to make noble men of his boys than have them gain any amount of scholarship by poring over books. Fortunately, the two things are by no means inconsistent with each other, and when harmoniously blended they make well-rounded men and women.

Here let me say that while our good doctor was engaged in training men only, as the Latin School admitted only boys, he did not discourage me, before my eight years in the school were much more than half over, from bringing to the school with me my eldest daughter. He allowed her for several years to

receive the far-famed Latin School training in classes where she was the only girl. I then had no sons, but four years after I began as Dr. Gardner's submaster, my only son was born — in 1863; we had no hesitation in naming him Francis Gardner Magill. I must not dwell here upon what has been a bright and hopeful period of my life, but can only say that this boy, after the promise of a bright future, passed on to the life beyond, at the age of nine years — our only loss in a family of six children.

But to return to my experiences in the Latin School. I learned early a peculiar method of marking recitations, adopted by Dr. Gardner, which did much to secure accurate scholarship. Lessons were marked on a scale of five, that being the highest mark. The students exchanged places in class by a regrading at the end of each month, standing for a month in the places won the previous month. The questions were passed around rapidly by the teacher, and every failure to answer reduced by one the maximum mark of five. When the question was answered correctly by one lower down in the class, the next question went back to the one who first missed; thus no one could

escape his turn until he had given a correct answer. If five of these mistakes had been made, the student was sent back to his seat to study, and was further required to return to the delinquent session in the afternoon. No answers partially right were accepted, and the doctor used to quote a distinguished teacher of that day, George Sumner, as saying that "a middling good recitation was like a middling good egg, i. e. good for nothing." This illustrates the rapid and precise work that was required in the Latin School.

With all Dr. Gardner's severity, he was always scrupulously just, and no teacher could hope to secure greater respect from or greater influence over his students than he. Each of the eight successive years that I passed under him, I saw more and more the source of his power, and the excellent character of the man. He was the last of the five truly great teachers of whom I have spoken; and although it is difficult to compare men so different in qualities of mind and character as were these five, I should not do justice to my own feelings and convictions if I placed Dr. Gardner last among them in ability, as he happened to be in point of time.

A very important cause of whatever success I attained in the Latin School was that I was building on another man's foundation, and that foundation was the work of one of the most patient and painstaking teachers I have ever known, Charles J. Capen. He had entered upon the submastership in 1852, and was head of the Third Room when I came, in 1859. Dr. Gardner's methods aimed at more rapid progress than Mr. Capen's, and I soon saw I must secure the same capacity for rapid work before I sent the classes to the head of the school. In a recent letter from Mr. Capen, he says: "I have completed fifty-four years of service in the Latin School without being absent a minute on account of sickness or other disability, nor have I ever been tardy on account of my own neglect, but only when the cars have failed to be on time on account of snow." What an unprecedented record!¹

The method of preparing the lesson and the rapid pace of the recitation in the Latin School under the *régime* of Dr. Gardner are worthy

¹ Mr. Capen is now one of the oldest and most highly honored members of the Boston Public School Association. His former students and colleagues have presented the school with an excellent portrait of him, to commemorate the completion of his fiftieth year of service.

of a passing notice. Accurate scholarship, readiness in quotation, making their knowledge their own for all purposes, and knowing just what they knew and what they did not know, became in those days a marked characteristic of the students of the Latin School. This accuracy, precision, and readiness, thus cultivated, made our Latin School boys who decided to enter business instead of pursuing a college course eagerly sought for by leading business men. The English High School, occupying one side of the building on Bedford Street, in which we worked, was especially designed to give the boys business training; but the Latin School, at the period of which I speak, 1859-67, had the reputation of preparing boys, even for business, better than they were prepared elsewhere. Of this distinction I saw that the doctor was reasonably proud, after his lifelong work at the head of the school. He had a habit of saying that even a Latin School dunce was different from any other dunce, for although he might know but little, he knew well what little he knew; and, what is very important, he knew at once that he did not know what he did not know. Hence the most thorough preparation of every lesson was con-

stantly impressed upon the boys as a matter of the highest importance.

Every class in the Latin School in my time was known by the name (or names) of its recognized head (or heads) in the matter of scholarship. The class that I first met in the fall of 1859 soon came to have two recognized leaders, and was called Paine and Mifflin's class. Sumner Paine and George H. Mifflin ran a pretty even race, and would exchange places as to first and second with almost every new month. I was soon made proud of that first class of mine, for after a few attempts to give the new teacher trouble, they seemed to vie with each other to see who could behave the best.

Forty-six years have passed since then, and where are those two leaders now? Of the two, Paine had an early and tragic death. The class entered Harvard in the summer of 1861. The country was then just on the eve of the War of the Rebellion, brought on by the cruel system of slavery. Young men from different colleges throughout the North put aside their books and were enrolled for war. Of these Paine was among the first; he enlisted in a company headed by his cousin, Oliver Wendell

Holmes, Jr. There was no first lieutenant, and Paine was chosen second lieutenant. Robert Treat Paine, now so well known for his advocacy of the peace cause among other good causes, and who is the president of the American Peace Society, has lately written me of his brother Sumner's fate. He says: "Sumner went into the war with tremendous enthusiasm. That was just the way in which he did everything; nothing by halves. He joined the army the evening before the battle of Chancellorsville. He was the second lieutenant in the company of which his cousin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was captain, there being at that time no first lieutenant with the regiment. When therefore, as the battle began, Holmes was wounded and carried from the field, Sumner was left in command of his company in a pitched battle, before he had been in the army twenty-four hours — and he a boy of eighteen years of age.

"Then followed the six weeks' retreat to Gettysburg, where Sumner was killed. It was on the third day, on Friday afternoon. Pickett's division had just made its great charge upon our lines, and had broken through them at a little to the right of where Sumner's regi-

ment was posted. A charge was ordered, and Sumner was out in front of his company leading on his men, with his sword waved on high; and his last word was 'Forward!' when he was struck, and fell, shot dead in a moment of victory at the culminating moment of the war."

Of the other rival for the headship of my first Latin School class, in 1859-60, I need only say that he is now the head of the publishing firm who are bringing out this book. After a separation of more than forty years, I have recently met him, and find him in heart the same enthusiastic boy of those distant days. Among many other evidences of this, I may very properly mention the fact that I taught him phonography, and though the knowledge then acquired of this beautiful art had lain dormant in his mind through all of these many intervening years, it had so fixed his attention that he recalled it very soon after we met. In spite of his many confining business cares, he quickly took it up again, and visited me in New York, after sending me certain phonographic letters of mine, preserved in his manuscript volume of "Memorabilia of the Latin School." We

at once reëstablished our correspondence in phonography, using this original style taught by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard in their Phonographic Institute in Cincinnati, and we have kept up this correspondence to the present hour. How he has been able to do so, with all of his other cares and labors, is a mystery to me, but at this moment, as I write, he is a more perfect adept in the practice of this beautiful system than I have ever been.

Another of the eight classes which I taught in the Latin School, from 1859 to 1867, was called Gallagher's class; in that good class Gallagher had no rival. His scholarship was of that degree of perfection which comes from the rapid mental training through which our system carried them, implying a complete mastery of the subject in hand. Dr. Gardner said of Gallagher what was true to some extent of the other good scholars: "Gallagher could commit a lesson in one half the time required by any other boy, and yet he spent upon his lessons double the time of any other." Indeed, Gallagher always said that when he had "gotten out" his lesson (in Greek or Latin chiefly) he was just ready to begin his study of it. I had the habit of timing the students

in their recitations, and the question before us was not merely, did they know the lesson passably, but how rapidly and correctly could they recite it. It was not uncommon for the better scholars of the class to recite their translations of Virgil, as literally as the use of good English would allow, at the rate of one hundred lines in eight minutes, I holding my watch to time them.

After leaving college, Gallagher became the successful head of the Williston Seminary at Easthampton, where, as I have said, I passed the year 1849-50 in preparation for Yale. He occupied his position with fine success, as so thorough a worker was sure to do, until he felt that he could do better in his profession by accepting the mastership of the High School in Braintree, Massachusetts. About the time I was penning these lines in my present home in New York city, a card was handed me, and I saw on it with delight the familiar name of William Gallagher. It may well be supposed that our meeting was a most cordial one, we having met but once, at Swarthmore, since I left the Latin School in 1867, thirty-eight years ago. Certainly one of the greatest pleasures of a teacher's life is to

meet grateful and appreciative students, who feel that their lives have been made more useful by what they learned at school. Such experiences would be more frequent were there among students more Gallaghers than the world has thus far produced.

I recall vividly two others of my especially apt pupils in the Latin School, Brooks and Ames; two warm friends, who worked a great deal together. I have not met Ames since I left the Latin School, but have had recent word from him, and am not surprised to learn that he stands high at Harvard in the profession of the law. Brooks was a brother of Phillips Brooks, whose useful life and brilliant career as a pulpit orator the world knows well. Arthur Brooks, the brother, who was in my Latin School class, became a successful preacher in New York, where I met him a few years ago; but now he too has passed on with the rest. A younger brother of the Brooks family was for a short time with me in the Latin School, but he died the day his class was graduated.

I have referred to my anxiety about my new work in the Latin School, and have said that the cause of it was largely my imperfect

preparation in French. Feeling my deficiency so deeply caused me to enter, as vigorously as my constant duties in my class-work would permit, upon a thorough study of this language, including the translation of French into English, and careful observation and imitation of the pronunciation of "Professor" Montrachy, our French teacher, who gave my class two lessons a week. At first the model was not a teacher, but a mere model, like an automaton. No doubt his was correct Parisian French, but later, when the place came to be occupied by Professor Ferdinand Bôcher, the conditions were greatly changed and improved. He could do far more than serve as a model, for he was an able teacher. His years at the Latin School proved of great service to me; he was one of the very few Frenchmen I have known who were good teachers of English-speaking students. But, as he told me, he had spoken English from his youth up, being a Frenchman born of French parents in New Orleans. In his youth he spent much time in France, and hence, knowing the two languages almost equally well, he did not experience the usual difficulty of French teachers in controlling his students. With us,

too, he was engaged in a school thoroughly governed by Dr. Gardner and his submasters, and this of course greatly aided him. Later, he was appointed professor of French at Harvard University, where he filled the chair honorably until his death, which occurred several years since.

The necessity which compelled me to turn my attention to the study of French has produced, as a result, an acquaintance with that beautiful language far better, in my later years, than my knowledge of Latin and Greek. I have had the rather unusual experience of being very fond of mathematics in early life, and preferring it then to any other study; later acquiring a great interest in the classical languages, and making them the most important part of my teaching; and lastly, turning my attention to a modern foreign language more vigorously, if possible, and more successfully than I had studied and taught the classical languages.

I studied, and for a time taught, French in a somewhat arbitrary method, applying to it what I had learned, especially in Latin grammar. This situation turned my attention to the production of a French grammar—the

first volume I ever published. To this work I gave every spare moment for several years, but the spare moments I found all too few in my strenuous life. Many a night, after a hard day's work at teaching, I could be found at work on the French grammar, long after the small hours had begun. I got all the necessary books of reference from the Latin School library, and from Dr. Gardner's private library, and these I read with care, from cover to cover. Once when I returned one of the doctor's books, he asked me how much of it I had read. I replied that there was not a word in the book from beginning to end that had escaped my notice. "Well," he replied, "that is just like you; you ought to be well prepared to get out your 'Complete French Grammar' after you have read all my French books in that way."

This being the first book I ever published, I felt very solicitous that nothing essential to its success should be omitted; at that time, the idea of reducing the study of grammar to a minimum had scarcely been thought of in this country. Hence in this, my first volume, the treatment was far too minute, and included much that might be characterized as curious

and interesting, rather than as practically valuable ; the American student usually desired a knowledge of French rather for the purpose of getting possession of the key to the treasures of its literature. Among other curious and redundant features of this volume was one which I never have seen in any other French grammar, viz., an alphabetical list of many pages, giving the corresponding words in the three languages, Latin, French, and English. Of this I have had very little occasion to make use in my teaching, and I dare say that other French teachers of that day had the same experience. Another feature of the book was the introduction of a different naming of the tenses. With Dr. Gardner and a number of others, I decided that what is called by French grammarians the "past definite" tense really referred to indefinite time in the past ; and, vice versa, their "past indefinite" seemed to us to refer to definite time. These changes would seem to betray youth and inexperience more than anything else, and, in my own teaching, I soon gave up endeavoring to reform grammatical terminology. I have often wondered since that I escaped scathing criticism on this point, but no such criticism has

ever come to my notice. The work, first published in Boston in 1866, was pretty widely circulated for a few years, running through many editions, but later, other and more concise works have taken its place.

My eight years in Boston, 1859-67, covered a sad and critical time in our country. The question of human slavery was approaching its crisis. After long agitation, begun in Boston by William Lloyd Garrison in his outspoken paper, "The Liberator," it was continued and kept alive by the platform eloquence of Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and Abby Kelly Foster, his wife; of Frederick Douglass, Charles Lenox Remond, and Robert Purvis—the three leading colored men of that time; of James and Lucretia Mott, most worthy representatives of our Religious Society of Friends; of Charles C. Burleigh, Thomas Earl, and many others, all of whom I had heard in public many times. The crisis was hastened by the John Brown raid in Virginia, and his tragic death upon the gallows. The time was near at hand when the war was opened by the firing on Sumter, and the calling out of seventy thousand national troops by President Lincoln. How vividly I recall

reading the morning paper on the way to school in the spring of 1861, and the thrill that ran through my heart at the news of the actual opening of the war by the attack on Fort Sumter. From that time, however they may have differed before, the people of the North were a united people, and the call for troops was promptly answered. Our boys held an improvised meeting in the general hall of the Latin School; this taking the place, I think, of all other exercises that morning. They had one very impressive speaker among them, who was ever ready with needed words when the occasion called them forth, and surely no one of us, old or young, had ever seen a time when the proper spoken word was more needed. This young and ready speaker was Samuel H. Virgin, then, I think, a member of the senior class. Virgin outdid himself on this thrilling occasion, and delivered as fiery an address as any of those so often heard in those days in the halls of Congress, entreating that no voice give an uncertain sound, but that all be ready at once to leave school and start for the war when called out by President Lincoln to defend the honor of the national flag.

Since then, through all of these intervening years, I had lost sight of Virgin. A few months ago, or forty-four years after, a letter of mine on the study of phonography was seen by him in the "New York Tribune." As this letter gave my New York address, he lost no time in calling upon me, and talking over these experiences of the past. I found that he had been a well-known clergyman in this city for many years, and had lived a highly honorable and useful life. Our pleasure at meeting after this long interval can be more readily imagined than described.

It was not long after this stirring address of Virgin that William Everett, son of Edward Everett and a graduate a few years before of the Latin School, addressed our boys in a similar strain. Scholarship during those early months of girding themselves for the national combat seemed a matter of quite secondary importance, and Dr. Gardner himself was as enthusiastic as any of his two hundred and fifty boys. Evening meetings were called in the public halls of Boston, and the most eloquent of American orators, Wendell Phillips, and his warm friend and co-worker, William Lloyd Garrison, both of whom had been threatened,

a few months before, with lynch law, these and other great leaders were now gladly listened to by the almost infuriated people of Boston. I recall the first time that Phillips spoke after the breaking out of the war, how enthusiastically all his words were received, and how the audience, wild with excitement, rose *en masse* and threw their hats as high as they could, regardless of their possible loss in coming down. One of his ringing sentences, that sounded strangely from one who had always before recommended peaceful measures, fairly startled me — his peroration was, "This question will never be rightly settled until every Southern slaveholder is beneath the sod!" That was no time for what Voltaire once called "the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot" to secure patient listeners.

When I began these memoirs I felt that I should give an account of my life only as connected with the profession of teaching; but I see that I can do this better by dwelling more or less upon my varied experiences and upon what they have taught me, than if I confined myself too closely to my personal experiences in the science and art of teaching. Let me say now, therefore, that one great lesson which

I would leave behind me is the importance of laying a thorough foundation, without too great anxiety to gain time by short and irregular courses, and also the importance of having one definite occupation in life. Here I have laid myself open to the charge of being "a man of remorseless mental activity," as a very good friend has recently called me. Change for the sake of change is always objectionable, but may properly be made at times for a laudable purpose. I have never, in a long life, resigned a position except when invited to a more important work. I tell young men who go out to seek their fortunes never to try for a higher position until they can fill well the position at present occupied. That they have done this, and made their services indispensable where they are, is the best possible recommendation for the next higher place. No one in seeking a teacher (of course I speak of my own profession) seeks among the unoccupied the man or the woman needed, but among those already filling well their present positions. Few lessons in securing success in life will be found of greater value than this.

When my "Complete French Grammar" was fairly before the public, I turned my attention

to the preparation of my second work, to be called an "Introductory French Reader." For this I made a careful examination of modern French literature, and selected such passages as would give the students, by brief study, a specimen of the style of the different writers; upon these I prepared a full body of explanatory notes, clearing up difficult constructions, and referring the student very often to those paragraphs in my grammar which these passages would illustrate. I also prepared a complete vocabulary of all the words and phrases used in this reader. This vocabulary was neither more nor less than a full dictionary for any reader of the volume; besides the explanations of the words and phrases, I gave the Latin derivations in the case of words derived from that language. This became a great aid to my students in the Latin School, and the reader was very generally used for some years by students studying at the same time Latin and French. I am sure that no book I ever published required such persistent and patient labor as did this vocabulary of my "Introductory French Reader." To prepare it and see it safely through the press occupied every moment of time that I could spare from

my class-work, including the greater part of the vacations, for fully three years.

Thus my determination to correct my deficiencies in French resulted, within five or six years, in my publishing those first two volumes that I had given to the public, and cultivated my ability to remove serious obstacles by persistent labor. In this work I had schooled myself to work in my study at home, with a family of growing children around me, all separately or together interested in their lessons or their amusements. I was no more disturbed by them than I should have been had I shut myself up, away from the cheerful influences of my family, and burned my midnight oil in a separate "den" of my own. I can now say, long after that little circle has been broken by death and the experiences of adult life, that I have always rejoiced thus to have mingled with them while it was possible to do so.

One peculiar habit of Dr. Gardner in his teaching showed how much he depended upon being natural, and being himself. He always had great success in training his students in elocution, a subject which they mastered well in the school, and in which they generally took

good positions or prizes in their courses at Harvard or elsewhere. I once said to him, "How is it that you, who are no public speaker yourself, make such good speakers of your Latin School boys?" "Oh," he replied, in his brusque and off-hand manner, "there is nothing more simple than that. I never teach them gestures or any of the paraphernalia of the teachers of elocution. I tell them to study their speeches well, to be sure not to fail in a single word in their committal, to understand perfectly what the authors mean, and to make that knowledge fully their own; then I put them on their pins and tell them to 'strike out,' and they simply cannot fail to do well." These are the exact words of the doctor, and they are really a key to much of his fine success as a teacher. He insisted on perfect committal, and no prompting was ever allowed.

As a governor, although kind and considerate and never giving way to anger or excitement with unruly boys, he was resolute and determined; and he used at times, for one species of offense only—truancy—a royal remedy, which I never knew to fail. I remember but four or five cases of truancy in that

large school, and each case was thus treated: the teachers of the five rooms, with all their classes, were called together in the large upper room where the doctor's classes were regularly held. When all were seated, the culprit was brought in. Then the doctor, taking a heavy ruler in hand, stepped out and took the hand of the culprit, thus addressing him: "You have been guilty of truancy. I do not use this ruler to reform you; I know that it cannot do that; but only to make you hold still while other influences can be brought to bear upon you. Hold out your hand." He would then inflict several severe blows on the palm of the hand. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that I was never in the least converted by the doctor to this method of using force, being always satisfied that kindness, and consideration for the feelings of the student and his family, worked in all possible cases a reform more lasting and effectual.

But with all his brusqueness and abruptness of manner, he was a nobleman in that he was a most noble, truly kind, and generous man. I often wondered that he remained all his life a bachelor, and I feared that some domestic tragedy had darkened his life. After

I knew him, he had a favorite niece who kept house for him, and a faithful old colored woman who was cook and general housemaid. These constituted his entire household. He went out very little, if at all, into general society, and rarely attended even an educational meeting. The reason for this was his thorough belief that teachers were born, not made. He would change the Latin maxim, "*poeta nascitur non fit*," into "*magister nascitur non fit*." In consequence of this he had no patience with the normal schools then springing up everywhere in New England, and said that they wanted to make all the teachers into smooth round marbles, all alike and all equally destitute of character and originality. Of one of these who had been a teacher in a neighboring town, and who aspired to be elected to the state superintendency for Massachusetts, he said that in the small town where he lived and taught he "did well enough, but he would be very thin when spread out over the whole State." On account of this dependence wholly upon native inborn talent, and this disposition to condemn special professional training for our work, Dr. Gardner had several strong enemies in the school

board, and year after year, when the annual election came, these strove to unseat him. But his genius for teaching, his absolute devotion to the work which seemed his whole life, his powerful personality and the good results he secured for his classes in the colleges which they entered, — Harvard especially, — kept down this opposition, and after the stormy annual meetings of the board he came out each year victorious. The exact length of his rule after the death of his able predecessor, Master Dixwell, I do not now remember. It was my admiration for, and sympathy with, the man that led us to call our only son by his name.

I will not anticipate here further than to add that some years after my son's death at the age of nine, and after Dr. Gardner had crossed the Hudson for the first time in his life, visiting us in our Swarthmore home, I heard that that iron frame of his had given way at last, that he was very ill, and that he had expressed to his nurse a desire to see me, his devoted submaster. I shall never forget the sad and feeble tone in which he said, as I quietly entered the sick-room in his unpretending home in West Cedar Street: "Mr.

Magill, I have been hoping to receive you here in my home for some time past, but *this* is not the reception that I had hoped to give you." He was so feeble that his physician forbade a long stay; and I am sure that I never took a sadder farewell of any one, out of my own immediate family, than I did that day of Dr. Gardner. I returned promptly to my duties at Swarthmore, for which he had done so much to give me a thorough preparation, and heard, a few days after, that he had passed gently and peacefully away. With him I lost one of the best friends of my earlier years, and one who valiantly did his part, often amid obloquy and reproach, to secure to the generation to follow him the most thorough, profound, and accurate scholarship. We differed in views upon many things, but we agreed to differ; and, each confiding wholly in the other's good intentions, we passed together eight of the most profitable years of my life.

CHAPTER VIII

TRAVEL AND STUDY ABROAD

1867-1868

IT was early in the spring of 1867 that I had an entirely unexpected visit at our home in Jamaica Plain, from Edward Parrish, of Philadelphia, who informed me of his great interest in a college to be established by certain members of the Society of Friends, and then in process of construction. Of this college he had been chosen, a few years earlier, by the board of managers, the first president. He informed me that as our Friends had had no college previous to this, it must be, for a time at least, rather a preparatory school than a college. Of this preparatory school, his friend and mine, Rachel T. Jackson, — wife of the well-known minister, John Jackson, — had suggested to him that he obtain my aid as principal.

This was a wholly unexpected opening, and at first I scarcely knew what to think of it.

After a night's reflection, I saw in this an important opportunity to do a good work for our Religious Society, which was now each year becoming more in need of such a school; for at that time there were very few young men in our Society who had had the educational advantages which I had enjoyed since I left Benjamin Hallowell's school to prepare for Yale. I felt that, since that time, my life had been so ordered as to give me the best fitting possible for a place among my own people such as that to which I was now called. After the night's rest and prayerful reflection, I answered Edward Parrish that I would accept the position offered.

I promptly tendered my resignation to the board of the Latin School, to take effect at the coming summer vacation. As the college would not open until the autumn of 1869, I felt that I must spend the intervening two years in study abroad, and in making in Paris the selections needed for my third volume, already well under way, to be called "French Prose and Poetry." Thus prepared, I should enter upon my work at the new college with twenty-eight years' experience in teaching, study, and travel. I hoped that my later

wide and varied experience would atone for my premature beginning at the age of sixteen.

Accordingly, with my wife and eldest daughter, Helen, and with two friends, Ann Eliza Cooke, a teacher in the Philadelphia Friends' School, and Arnold B. Chace, a private student of mine in Providence, I went abroad at the end of the summer of 1869, placing our four other children with relatives, where we felt that they would be under kind and watchful care. This was our first experience on the sea. We set sail from New York in the *Cella*, a wee steamer, with some dozen first-class passengers and a much larger number in the steerage. We took care to be well provided with books to read and study, and, being on our way to France where we planned to spend the winter, we did what we could to familiarize ourselves still more with the French language. Without intercourse with those who spoke French the progress made in this was necessarily slow and painful, though in the fifteen days taken to cross the Atlantic at that time the progress was perhaps perceptible.

Our daughter of fourteen gained faster than

her mother and father, which is natural, as at that age a new language is acquired far more readily than later in life. We missed this daughter the first night after we were fairly out at sea. She left us while we were reading French, and in a few minutes, as she did not return as we expected, we went out on the upper deck, little supposing, however, that she would venture up there alone. The night was fine, such a night as we had rarely seen on land. As Whittier says:—

“The stars had all come out, the sky had not a stain of crimson on,
And in its cold fixed purity, the pale and quiet moonlight shone.”

In a few moments we saw the little girl perched on the side of the steamer, looking out over the rail into the sparkling waters. As soon as she saw us she cried out, “Oh, come here, mamma and papa, and see the ship running through the moonlight!” Our relief was so great that we did not even scold her, but her mother warned her not to go out of her sight again while we were at sea. She seemed entirely free from fear, though a sudden lurch of the vessel might easily have made her slip under the rail, which was not so well pro-

tected with strong netting as in the steamers of more modern date.

That, my first sea voyage, is memorable to me for many things, but nothing is more prominent in my mind than my feeling of relief, as we lay out on the deck on our rugs through those long early autumn days and starlit and moonlit nights, when I remembered that I was beginning my first real vacation, released from the cares of schoolrooms and the preparation for them. I now had before me two full years of comparative freedom before beginning my work in Swarthmore College.

As our little steamer was to touch at Brest on the way to London, we were quite a distance to the south of the ordinary line of ocean travel, and for that reason we saw few passing sails. At one time seven whole days and nights were passed without a sail in sight. This was quite different from my idea of the ocean, as I had supposed that in these days of commerce the ocean was far from being a lonely place, and that we should see the "white wings of commerce dotting every sea." At last, on a Sabbath morning — our third Sabbath since we sailed from New York — we came into the harbor of Brest, after a

stormy night on the proverbially rough Bay of Biscay.

Although we had intended to remain on board and go on to London, we suddenly concluded to join a few others who were going ashore at Brest, and, by thus shortening our route to Paris, to visit the great Exposition of 1867 — one of the first of the great World's Expositions, now become so common — in time to see it at least a few days before its close. Brest was the first fortified town we had ever seen, and as we wound up the steep hillside between high walls, we could easily see how a small body of defenders could prevent the approach of an invading army. I think that green fields never impressed me more than the charming shaded meadows which we saw on the islands in the harbor; refreshing, indeed, they were after our fifteen days and nights upon the sea. That night, at the Hôtel Boule d'Or, our beds were at last steady; but, after those fifteen nights of rocking, they seemed to rock even more than our berths had done upon the sea.

It will be remembered that at the time of our arrival France was under the government of Louis Napoleon, and we had early evidence

of the strong hand with which the state and city were governed,—the hand that had seized the reins of government by the memorable *coup d'état* of 1852.

One of the first indications that struck us was the great number of officers in uniform in the streets; we seemed never to be out of sight of one or more. Whenever a group, however small, stopped in the street (which was forbidden) the cry was promptly heard, "*En avant, ces messieurs, en avant!*" We noticed this on the night of our arrival, and indeed throughout our stay in Paris. So far was it from being any proof of strength in the government, it was really a sign of fear and weakness. Throughout our stay that winter the iron hand of the law was in evidence in other ways. If a crowd collected at a meeting for any purpose, the slightest exhibition of rough conduct was followed by arrest by an armed officer.

I may mention another evidence of the personal power of Napoleon III. During the winter we had failed to gain admittance to several places of interest, notably to the beautiful château of St. Cloud, soon to be destroyed in the siege of Paris. I told my family that I

had a mind to write to the Emperor and ask his aid. They all laughed at the idea, but I wrote and mailed the letter. Two days later I was called to the door of the hotel, where I found a brilliantly accoutred officer, who courteously handed me a letter which he had been directed to give into my hands. It was from the Emperor, and I found it an infallible "Open, Sesame" during all of our stay in Paris.

We arrived in the capital as we expected, just in time to see the great exhibition on the Champ de Mars for two or three days before its close. To us it was a wonder indeed. Although the speech of all around us was the language which I had been teaching for the past eight years in Boston, and although I had published a French grammar and a French reader, yet so far from practical had been my instruction (all grammar and practically no language) that for a time I could not understand a single sentence addressed to me; much less could I use my tongue to make an unpremeditated reply. On our ride by rail from Brest to Paris, it struck me as strange that the sounds made by every animal that we saw on the road — the lowing of cows, the bleat-

ing of sheep, the grunting of hogs, the barking of dogs, the mewing of cats, the cackle of hens, the crowing of cocks, and even the crying of a child — that while all these noises and many more were the same as we had heard at home, the moment a spoken word was uttered by man, woman, or child it was wholly unintelligible to me. It would almost seem to indicate some special cause for this confusion in the spoken word of the human race, like that of which we have an account in the legend of the tower of Babel.

Lest it be considered strange that I, a teacher of French, and the author of a French grammar and reader, should have been so bewildered when I first heard the language spoken by all around me, I will quote a few words from one who was a far better authority on language than I — James Russell Lowell. On his first visit to Paris, Lowell thus soliloquized in his hotel on the morning after his arrival, "Here am I, in Paris, after years of teaching French in Harvard, and I cannot use French enough this morning to call a servant and ask him to black my boots."

As one of our leading motives was to become familiar with the French language, we

avoided English-speaking families, and took up our quarters for the winter in a small private family hotel, then called Hôtel de la Haute Vienne. Here we were the only regular boarders, and the family of four—father, mother, son, and daughter—spoke no language but French. Of course French was the language spoken at table. We sometimes spoke English among ourselves, but when we did so our hosts, who had knowledge of only a few English words, would say to us, “We can never understand you English people, because you speak so fast and run your words so closely together.” We certainly felt the same about their French, and the fact is, it is the same when one hears any unfamiliar language spoken. Walking on the Boulevard des Italiens one day, I saw in a window a small book which attracted my attention. The words and phrases in the book were arranged in three columns; the first was in English, the second in French, and the third in what seemed a strange language to me. After a little examination, I found that the third column was an attempt to show French children how to pronounce English. It was so curious that I ought to have secured it, as I might have done for a

franc or two, but I omitted to do so, which I often afterwards regretted.

As our eldest daughter could learn the new language much faster than her parents, we placed her for the winter in an excellent pension, a short distance outside the city walls, at Neuilly-sur-Seine. We often met her on Saturday evenings, and kept her with us at our hotel until Monday morning. From week to week her progress in French astonished us. I often recall my pleasant walks with her between her school and the hotel. As she chattered away like a magpie, I could but envy our little girl the fluency of her speech, and I wished that I could have had her opportunities in my early life. Not having had them, I felt I must make up by hard study what seemed to come so easily to her, for I learned early the lesson that it is a very poor expenditure of valuable time to dwell upon past shortcomings or upon vain dreams of what might have been.

I soon located myself in one of the many libraries, which were free and open to all who desired to use them. All the books I could wish were supplied me on request, and I found that my opportunities for private reading and

study, and for making the selections for my third volume, "French Prose and Poetry," were unsurpassed. My wife and her friend occupied much time in shopping and in attending lectures at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. My young friend, as well as myself, when not occupied with study, also attended the lectures; after a time, we generally spent the days in the lecture-room and the evenings in the libraries. For the first few weeks I listened to three, four, or five lectures per day, of an hour each, and yet could follow very little of the thought; but after a month they began to clear and my progress then in following them was rapid. I found certain speakers more distinct than others, and I always listened with especial pleasure and profit to Edouard Laboulaye. He was professor of comparative legislation in the Collège de France, and his latest work, "The United States and France," had made his name dear to every lover of liberty in our country. About this time he was dismissed through the influence of Napoleon, who could not endure so popular a lover of free institutions. The students took his part, and only the ever-present iron hand of Napoleon "The

Little," as Victor Hugo calls him, restrained them. But the day of reckoning was fast approaching. In a few years Sedan ended the Emperor's aspirations, as well as those of his ambitious empress, who is said to have urged him on to his fate. It was then customary for the Emperor and Empress to appear on the balcony of the Tuileries palace on New Year's morning. This appearance we witnessed that winter, and it was the next to their last. Even within a few months the sky of the usurping Emperor was overclouded, and his downfall followed soon after.

A few more winters in Paris like that of 1867-68 would have made the French language, with my previous study of it in Boston, nearly as familiar as my mother tongue. It was my pleasure and good fortune to make the acquaintance of M. Bescherelle, the author of that scholarly work, the "Dictionnaire National de la Langue Française." When he had explained to me his method in preparing this great work, and had shown me the hundreds of small drawers arranged on all sides of his large study, in which he had accumulated for many years the illustrative sentences used in his volumes, I was more thoroughly impressed

with the necessity of close study, profound research, and wide scholarship as a preparation for such literary labor, than I could have been in any other way. I visited him several times, and before I bade him farewell for the last time, he promised to write me an introduction to my French Grammar, then coming into pretty general use. That excellent preface, as he wrote it, I published in the subsequent editions of the work.

A mistake which this great man made — probably attributable to age and failing strength — came very near costing me rather dear. His preface being unfinished when I left Paris in the spring for Italy, he agreed to forward it to me in America by mail. Later, when this reached me at our post-office in my native place in Pennsylvania, I found, to my astonishment, that his written matter had been placed between the leaves of my book, subjecting the whole to letter postage, and this, too, was doubled, because not prepaid. The whole amount charged was nearly fifty dollars. I declined to take it from the post-office until I heard from friends connected with the post-office department in Washington, who succeeded in having the mistake

corrected, reducing the charge to some three or four dollars. M. Bescherelle died soon after, and never heard of his mistake.

In the spring of 1868 we proposed to visit southern France and Italy. We planned to leave our good friends of the Hôtel de la Haute Vienne on the thirteenth of April; but our landlord assured us that he could not consent to our leaving his house on the thirteenth; he said we might go on the twelfth or the fourteenth, but not on the thirteenth. He added that they had no room in their house numbered thirteen, for they found their guests unwilling to risk that unlucky number. Without sharing in their superstition, we willingly complied with their entreaties and set out on the fourteenth. We travelled slowly through France, taking about a week to reach Marseilles, and from there we took a coastwise steamer to Naples, whence we saw the great crater of Vesuvius, which was pouring forth smoke and flame; later, when we visited it, the stream of lava was running down the side of the mountain into the dark valley between the higher and lower peaks. After a midnight visit to this mountain, preceded by a careful visit on the previous day to the wonderful buried city

of Pompeii near its base, as the season was advancing we set out for Rome. On reaching there we took rooms on the Piazza di Spagna, which was a favorite place for foreigners. The weather was already very warm, and we feared that we must hasten northward to escape the Roman fever. But the natives assured us that the fever was only to be feared in the autumn, after the leaves on the Campagna and elsewhere began to fall. So after a brief sojourn there to see the Vatican, St. Peter's, and a few of the other leading churches and picture galleries, my young friend, Arnold B. Chace, and myself set out on a tour on foot through the Papal States, leaving the ladies of our company to spend the time in reading and in seeing the various sights of Rome during our absence.

The great interest of a walking tour consisted largely in the opportunity given to see places and people quite out of the way of ordinary travelers. On account of the state of society in those later days of Pope Pius IX, when the temporal power of the Pope was rapidly approaching its downfall, the mountains around were infested with banditti, some of whom we narrowly escaped en-

countering. During one night that I clearly recall a horseman was on guard under the windows of our little hotel, and an attack on a small town in a neighboring district was currently reported the following day. Occasionally we hired mules to ride for a day, when too weary to proceed on foot. There was one occasion when we met a man working in a field, and he asked us where we came from; and when told that we came from over the sea, in America, he looked at us as a countryman might be supposed to gaze upon one just descended from the moon, on a brief visit to this terrestrial sphere.

During this tour afoot it was a strange experience to feel that we were the foreigners, and from our general unkempt appearance objects of sympathy or suspicion to those who met us by day, or to those with whom we sought lodging by night. We visited, among other places, the Sabine farm of Horace, and found, or thought we found, in an open field, the threshold of the door of his home, where the great poet passed in and out in those now far distant days. Of course echoes of those days came back to us in the form of the familiar words of his "Odes" and "Epistles."

After our return to Rome we soon left the Eternal City, and passed on to Florence with its wonderful picture galleries; Pisa with its leaning tower; and Venice, that wonderful city of the sea. How vividly I recall the morning after our arrival in Venice, when we heard no rolling sound in the streets, but only the splashing of the oars of the gondolas beneath our chamber windows. I have good reason to remember that morning, for it was the fourth of July, so noisy at home, but so quiet there.

As my letters had fallen behind us in our rapid travel through Italy, at Venice I hastened to the post-office early in the morning. There I found a letter from my brother at home, announcing the instantaneous death of our dear father; he had been gone more than a month, during which we had so much enjoyed our travels, all unconscious of our sad loss. He had fallen dead while plowing in the field. I was so stunned and bewildered that I did not know what to say or think. I felt that my mother must be comforted in her bereavement by our instant return, and I sought a telegraph office, intending to send a cable message. But cable messages were

then a new thing and the cost (about thirty dollars) was more than I could well afford. I had to be content with a letter, which I sent at once to my mother, promising a prompt return. Up to that time we had hoped to spend a second winter in Paris before returning, but now that was out of the question.

We spent a few days more in Venice—all too few for that wonderful city, which we had come so far to visit; then returned across northern Italy, spending one night in Milan, crossing into Switzerland over the Simplon Pass; spent a short time at Chamounix, surrounded by icy mountain peaks; passed through Geneva and down the lovely Rhine, with many a castle-covered crag on either side; through Strasburg, getting only a brief glimpse of its wonderful cathedral; thence to Antwerp and down the “lazy Scheldt,” with its great windmills on either side pumping the waters of that low country high enough to run into the sea; across the North Sea to Harwich; and thence to London. We were seeing London for the first time, but of the glories of its Westminster Abbey and its Tower of London we had only glimpses. From Liverpool we set sail at last for home

in the steamer Aleppo—not one of the fastest, but a great contrast to the poor little Cella, in which we had crossed the previous year. We arrived safely in New York after a smooth and pleasant passage, and lost no time in reaching our Bucks County home, where my lonesome mother was anxiously awaiting the arrival of her eldest son.

CHAPTER IX

PREPARATIONS FOR OPENING SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

1868-1869

AFTER our return from Europe there was still a little more than a year left before the opening of Swarthmore College. This period I spent in settling my father's estate, in caring for and watching over my afflicted mother, in arranging for the organization of the preparatory school; also in writing and delivering, in Philadelphia and elsewhere, lectures on "The Coeducation of the Sexes" and on other subjects connected with the organization of the college. I occasionally visited the college grounds, looking after the finishing work yet to be done, the supplying of needed books and desks, etc. I met the new faculty occasionally in Philadelphia at the house of our president, Edward Parrish, and attended to a mass of detail which the great work before us involved. As I look back upon this time,

now so far in the past, I can scarcely understand how so many important and unavoidable engagements could have been crowded into that one last preparatory year of 1868-69.

I also spent much time with our dear mother through that, her last winter upon earth. She was not in our home at "Shady Bank," but with my youngest sister, Matilda, not far away, at "Seven Pines;" in the late fall and early winter she lived at the quiet and charming home of my brother-in-law, J. S. Williams, at "The Hedges." As she grew weaker, she wished to be more with her youngest daughter. She felt a great interest in Swarthmore College, where I was to begin my work the following autumn. Many a night I passed the long hours at her bedside, and she would often soothe her pain by repeating aloud snatches of verse which, from her lips, had been familiar to me in my childhood. Her last words to me when I first left home, at nineteen years of age, seemed ever before me. She had told me then that I was starting out for myself in the world, that I must be very careful, even in little things, to do that which I felt to be right, no matter what advantage it might seem to me at the time to take any

other course. Her religious teaching had nothing to do with *creeds* or *beliefs*, but referred always to *conduct*, to the performance of the day's duties *to-day*. I could but feel that I owed more to my mother and to her influence than to any teacher or professor under whose instruction I had passed. Surely there is no influence in life more potent than a mother's, and no voice so long remembered as a mother's voice.

In our preliminary faculty meetings during this year, one of the subjects which caused much discussion was the decision to be made on the use of tobacco by the students. Although at first the members of our little faculty of six (only five of whom constituted the faculty proper in the beginning) were not all of one mind about the advisability of prohibiting its use, we came in the end to the unanimous agreement that we must take a decided stand on the subject. Our meetings were then usually attended by Edward Parrish and his wife Margaret, Anna and Emily Hallowell, the dean (then denominated matron), Helen G. Longstreth, and Clement L. Smith. Of these, Emily Hallowell, being the youngest, was not included in the faculty when it was

fully organized. Of the original members of the faculty, but two now survive. These are Clement L. Smith, our first secretary, who, after one year's service at Swarthmore, was called to a professorship at Harvard, where he has since had a successful career of more than thirty years, and myself.

CHAPTER X

OPENING OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL

1869-1870

WE had hoped to open the college in September, about the usual time for opening after the summer vacation, but when the time came the roof was not finished on the main building, which has since been appropriately called Parrish Hall, after the first president. Various inside arrangements also were incomplete; in particular, the central hall, which was to be used as a study-room for the preparatory school, was not yet equipped with seats and desks. The delay had been caused by a postponement of the work in the summer, the funds collected being exhausted, and an additional supply having to be raised by subscription; for the cautious Friends did not wish to incur the property with a mortgage. We issued a circular, a copy of which is preserved in the room

now called "Friends' Historical Library," but then known as "The Anson Lapham Repository," from the name of its founder. This circular shows that our opening did not occur until early in November. Even to do that, our cautious attitude during the years of building the college had to be abandoned, and a small mortgage was executed upon the property. This was long since liquidated by an undesirable procedure to be later explained.

When the time for opening came, the faculty, whom I have already named, were all present, ready to receive and classify the students, and to begin work.

The first task before us was to examine and make a partial classification of the applicants, about one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and thirty in number. In the beginning we could not reject any, but must determine their places in class, and record their names. We soon found that very few of the number presented were properly qualified to enter a college class, and yet in the beginning we had hoped to enter a large number as Freshmen, as these would necessarily form the entire college proper for the first



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE (PARRISH HALL), IN 1889

year. Of the few who entered this first Freshman class, several dropped out in the course of four years, and in 1873, or four years later, but six — five young women and one young man — were ready to receive a degree. The causes for this, if not self-evident, will be made clear as we proceed. The whole number who presented themselves were registered in the president's office, to be classified later. All the examinations for the classification were in writing. Then came the great labor, with our small faculty, of making a tentative classification, first into freshman and preparatory students; and then the latter were to be divided into three classes, A, B, and C. Each of these was further divided into two or three sections, as qualifications seemed to require. Cornell University had opened the previous year, and one difficulty was encountered there which we escaped, small college though we were. One young man, who had been a teamster, came into the preliminary examination, and when questioned said that he could neither read nor write. When asked why he came to college, he quoted the words of Ezra Cornell, the founder, who had said, "I would found a literary institution where any person

may receive instruction on any subject," and he added, "I would like to learn to read and write." Of course he was promptly advised to enter a common school.

Our preliminary examinations and classifications occupied three days ; another day was devoted to distributing the books required. These were at first furnished at the expense of the college, without charge for use, to be returned to the book-room when done with. This unusual practice was not continued many years ; but it required some time before parents among Friends were satisfied to incur the expense of furnishing books, especially when the college required studies which they did not desire. They seemed to think that if we required certain studies we should furnish, at our own expense, the necessary books. I recall vividly, at this moment, the appearance of our chemical laboratory, so called, just back of what was later called the collecting-room, when that first year closed, in 1870. Students were told to return their books to this room, then empty, and to put them on the floor on the west side. By the time the students had left for the summer vacation, the west side of this room was filled nearly to the ceiling with

books, not regularly piled but thrown in pell-mell, and the pile sloped down toward the floor on the east side. Of course the destruction of books thus treated was great: the difficulty was that they were understood to be college property, and not to belong to those who used them. Not many years passed before books were supplied as needed, but for their use there was a regular charge. This rather trivial matter gives some idea of the countless details needing attention in that early time.

The one class in the college proper was very small that opening year, the number found to be even fairly prepared to be Freshmen scarcely reaching twenty. In 1873, when we graduated the first class, these were reduced to six. This class always had the distinction of being called the First Class during its entire four years in college; a distinction, it is unnecessary to say, which they did not fail to appreciate. When their graduation came, in 1873, all six were appointed to speak, and the exercises were so dignified and well prepared, and gave so much pleasure to our good friend Samuel Willets (then president of the board of managers), that he ordered all the addresses to be printed in pamphlet form at

his own expense. From the first he had ever been ready to aid us financially. But for his liberal aid, so generously extended, the opening of Swarthmore College would probably have been postponed several years. The pamphlet just mentioned was widely distributed, and I felt at the time that it was an excellent measure, for it did much to encourage Friends to seek a college education for their children.¹ We followed at first what was then the usual college practice, and appointed the best scholar, not necessarily the best speaker, as valedictorian. In this class, Maria C. Pierce was valedictorian. She was one of the three appointed as teachers at graduation, and was soon after married to Professor Samuel S. Green. Her early death we all greatly deplored, for she died during their travels abroad, the first year after their marriage. The other two teachers, Elizabeth C. Miller and Esther T. Moore, some years later, married professors in the college. The student who stood next in scholarship to Maria C. Pierce was Helen Magill, my eldest daughter, of whose two to

¹ A copy of this pamphlet is preserved in the Friends' Historical Library at the college. It is an interesting relic of those early days.

three years' study in the Public Latin School of Boston — a school for boys only — and of whose studies in Paris during our first visit abroad I have already spoken. After her graduation at Swarthmore, she pursued a university course in Boston University, taking there the degree of Ph. D., being the first woman in this country upon whom that degree was conferred. She then spent nearly four years at Newnham College, Cambridge, England, taking the classical Tripos Examination, and became later, after a few years of teaching, the wife of the Hon. Andrew D. White, of Ithaca, New York.

From the very first the idea was impressed upon our students that, after graduation at Swarthmore, they should add to their education with us, whenever at all possible, university studies for a higher degree. Beginning with this idea, the college has never aimed to do university work, but to confine itself to the legitimate work of a small college, feeling that in this way, at least for many years to come, it could do best and most thoroughly its proper work. As it was organized by Friends, it may be supposed to be of a somewhat denominational character. This, however, is not true.

All the officers and students of the college may be of any or of no denomination, but Friends only may constitute its board of managers. This provision was made in our charter to prevent the institution from ever falling into the hands of those who might make it a sectarian college. The religion taught in the college is that of life, conduct, and character, rather than the narrower tenets of any particular form of religious belief. As a result, the college has been patronized by all denominations, and no effort to proselyte has ever been made.

Our fixed position as a small college, doing as well as we could the proper work of a small college and never aiming at post-graduate or university work, had the advantage of enabling us to do well what we aimed to do. The moderate size of the student body enabled all to come in close touch with, and be influenced by, those occupying positions in our faculty. I write these words just after the college has graduated its thirty-fifth class, and throughout this more than a third of a century this object has been borne steadily in mind.

We also flatter ourselves that our young college has done its full share in bringing about such educational conditions in our coun-

try that professors and teachers must have good training in an institution of a higher grade than that in which they are employed. So long as teaching the young is used merely as a convenient stepping-stone to some more lucrative position, teaching can never become a profession, strictly speaking. Teachers of common schools should have at least a high-school education; those of high schools, a college education, and all college professors should have a university degree with the major study the specialty which they profess. Some of us advocated this grading of teachers as long ago as the founding of Swarthmore College. At that time it was regarded by many as chimerical and visionary, but little by little, as our educational system has developed, it has become a generally accepted theory.

In the early years of our college, before the first graduating class went out, but few students entered Swarthmore with the idea of even a four years' college education. Many Friends, indeed I may say most Friends, considered the college to be of the same grade as Westtown, or any other boarding-school. Naturally, in such schools the courses were very irregular, and students were entered for two or three

years at most. Those entering Swarthmore at that early period came with the same idea, and although from the beginning our courses were laid out to cover three years in the preparatory department and four years in the college, not one in ten of those who entered the lowest class expected their education to cover that number of years. In this, as in many other things at that time, a proper public sentiment had to be created, not merely among the students, but, through them, among their parents at home. At first many left after two or three preparatory years without ever entering the college, and the idea that a very low grade of scholarship prevailed at Swarthmore was quite naturally entertained. Some of those who at first entered the college proper started the custom of taking a two years' course, leaving at the end of the Sophomore year. If, however, they passed that point and entered the Junior class, they usually took a degree, very few leaving if they passed their examinations and were promoted to the Senior class. It may be difficult now to realize fully the magnitude of the obstacles with which we had to contend in creating a public opinion among Friends in favor of a full four years' course.

Perhaps an even greater difficulty in those days was the application of different kinds of discipline in the school and in the college, both kept under one roof. It was absolutely necessary to maintain this combination of schools at that time; the college could never have been started among Friends without the preparatory school. Let it be understood that I do not mention this arrangement to criticise it, for, considering the condition of education among Friends at that time, it was clearly unavoidable.

During the first year, 1869-70, and the first part of the second year, Edward Parrish was president. That he had heavy and responsible duties in getting the institution started on a truly college basis, I had abundant reason to know, both before and after the opening. His volume on "Education in the Religious Society of Friends," his numerous lectures among Friends and others, before and after the opening, and his voluminous correspondence, all bore testimony to this weighty care and responsibility. He was an excellent lecturer on his favorite subject, chemistry, a field in which previous study and training had well prepared him. He was

CHAPTER XI

SOME EARLY PROFESSORS OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

I HAVE spoken of our first President, Edward Parrish, and of the various influences which he brought to bear to insure the success of Swarthmore College in those early days. Recognizing the fact which President Gilman, the first president of Johns Hopkins University, made so prominent in the beginnings of that university, — that a great educational institution is made up of able men and not of bricks, stone, and mortar, — he sought out carefully the right persons for the Faculty of instruction.

First to be named among these is Joseph Leidy, who as an authority in natural science was scarcely second to Agassiz, and who served the college faithfully and successfully, as non-resident professor, for many years. His lectures on natural history — zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy — were very popular. They



JOSEPH LEIDY, M. D., LL. D.



were attended by many visitors, and by students whose special courses did not include those studies. He was more largely instrumental than all the rest of us combined in collecting, and properly arranging for instruction, a museum of natural history. His lectures, involving a profound knowledge of all he taught, were presented in so simple and attractive a form that even children could understand his descriptions, and followed his courses, when permitted to be present, with the greatest pleasure. I may mention, as an illustration, my youngest daughter, then some five or six years old, who never lost an opportunity to hear "Dr. Leidy's lecture," for her the great event of the week. On one occasion, running on the asphalt walk in front of the college, she fell and hurt her knee. When asked what she had fallen on to cut it so, she replied: "Oh, I don't know, but I think it was a piece of quartz!"

Dr. Leidy's home in Philadelphia, where I often met him, was an interesting place, a kind of museum of natural history. He kept in his study, and oftentimes in other rooms, reptiles of various kinds, which he was feeding and experimenting with, and they often seemed to

wander, quite at will, into other parts of the house. I have heard that his wife never retired to bed at night without first turning down the sheets with great care, to make sure that no toads, mice, snakes, lizards, or other reptiles as yet without a name, were taking shelter between them. Dr. Leidy used to say to me that he never lost a moment in waiting at a station for a coming train; for he walked out along the fencerows or ponds and rarely passed thus an unoccupied quarter of an hour without making some discovery, or seeing something of which he had never read or heard before. A pond near the station at Swarthmore, long ago filled and graded over, was to the doctor a fruitful field of discovery; he found creatures there, with or without fins or eyes or limbs, of which I would not venture to pronounce or spell the names. On one occasion he brought some small turtles from a pond at South Street Station, Philadelphia, to be used as illustrations in his class. He was asked to put them in this pond at Swarthmore, but he said that he had promised them to put them back in their own pond, and could not, of course, break his promise. With reference to names used by students of

natural history, the doctor always advocated the study of Greek, at least enough, he used to say, to enable them to look up in a Greek dictionary the terms used in their studies.

Our museum, which was the doctor's greatest pleasure when with us, was remarkable for its richness and especially for its excellent arrangement for purposes of instruction. After the great fire in the autumn of 1881, Dr. Leidy was stepping on board a ferryboat to go to Camden, when he saw in a morning paper the startling announcement, "Swarthmore College totally destroyed by fire." He at once turned back and took the first train for Swarthmore; as he stepped out of the train and started up the asphalt walk toward the bare and blackened walls, he said: "There are ten years of my life gone forever." And well he might say it, for no one had been devoted more than he to the work of building up Swarthmore in all that pertained to his department.

Some years later, after the death of the great Agassiz, Dr. Leidy very naturally was invited to follow him at Harvard, and we feared greatly that we were to lose his services. These cost the college very little in

money, aside from his too meagre salary, as Joseph Jeanes, of Philadelphia, never failed to give him fifty, a hundred, or even five hundred dollars, when a sum was needed to purchase collections for his department. Our fears were not realized, for, after a brief consideration, he declined the offer from Harvard. He afterwards told me that a rose-tree or a small shrub could be transplanted, but the same experiment tried upon an oak-tree would prove a failure; after his years of labor in the University of Pennsylvania and in Swarthmore, he felt too well planted to risk transplanting from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts. Of course we all rejoiced, and for several years he continued his work with us, until he found that the increasing demands upon him at the University of Pennsylvania, under the then thriving presidency of Dr. William Pepper, required him to give his whole time to one institution. His picture adorns the walls of our assembly room to-day, but a large, full-length portrait would be more appropriate for him who rightly holds, in the eyes of the world, the first place among our professors.

Since the loss of Dr. Leidy, Swarthmore has been fortunate in making but two changes

in that department. Charles E. Dolley, and the present occupant of the chair, Spencer Trotter, are two younger men whose names, in the future, may shine scarcely second to that of their illustrious predecessor.

For another of our early professors we are indebted to Edward Parrish. This was Joseph Thomas, non-resident professor of English literature. His great work entitled "A Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology" was published by the Lippincotts of Philadelphia in 1870-71, in two volumes. It will be observed that the first edition was about to appear on the opening of the college in 1869. This work was known to Edward Parrish, and it was this that led him to select its author as a non-resident professor at the opening of the college, or a short time after. Of this remarkable work "The Nation" said: "This is the best as well as the most comprehensive book of its description emanating from the pen of one writer, in any language, which has come under our notice." Dr. Thomas also published, in 1886, "A Complete Pronouncing Medical Dictionary."

Dr. Thomas was born in 1811, in Cayuga County, New York; was educated at Yale

and at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and later graduated in medicine in Philadelphia. He spent many of the best years of his life upon the works just named. The representation of the proper pronunciation of the names, which was indicated by ingenious devices of his own, gave great charm to this difficult part of his work. He employed many assistants, one of whom was my eldest sister, and his long and late hours of labor were quite familiar to me. To obtain the needed data he traveled in many lands, and often sent by his friends, who were going abroad, specific questions to well-known personages. On my first visit to Europe, in 1867-68, he intrusted to me several of these questions, and so far as possible I saw the individual members of the families from whom he desired information. One of the names on my list was that of François Guizot, the distinguished author of the "History of Civilization," a work which, as I have said, constituted my major study for my degree of A. M. in Brown University. One of the lecturers at the Sorbonne to whom I listened with much pleasure in that memorable winter of 1867-68, was Guillaume Guizot, son of the historian, whose personal



JOSEPH THOMAS, M. D., LL. D.

acquaintance I made. He informed me that there were two recognized pronunciations of their name. Their family, which came originally from the south of France, pronounced the name Ghizo, but his father, from his residence in Paris, had acquired the habit of saying *Gwizo*.

Dr. Thomas's lectures on English literature were excellent and well appreciated. As he was rather feeble, at my suggestion he sat while he lectured, a practice more uncommon then than to-day. He was fond of giving neat and concise forms of expression to a valuable thought, and these he would have the students fix firmly in their minds. A favorite quotation of his was: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection, my young friends, is no trifle." I have said that he traveled much; this he had done to prepare for his great work. The Biographical Dictionary and the expenses of travel involved him in a heavy debt, which was a burden to him to the end of his life. Of this he assured me on my last visit to him, just before his death.

The saddest thing to me about the history of this good man was that, having, with others, taken refuge in a fort in India, in a great

uprising which occurred not long after the Sepoy rebellion, and having used arms to help defend the fort, and save the lives of the men, women, and children who had taken refuge there, he was disciplined for this in his meeting of the Society of Friends, and disowned (that is, excluded from membership) for the violation of their testimony against bearing arms. Much as he loved the Society and its leading college, he felt this to be treatment which he could never forget. I frequently heard him speak of this, and he always felt that I had for him a sincere sympathy. Closer relations than ours were seldom felt between a president and a member of his faculty. He had been professor of Greek and Latin in Haverford College in its opening years; later he was lecturer there on history, and he kept a warm and sympathetic interest in that college to the end of his life.

It is proper to mention, in this connection, that the two colleges, Haverford and Swarthmore, being but ten miles apart, felt an interest in and sympathy with each other from the time of our opening in 1869, when Haverford was of exactly the same age that Swarthmore is as I write these lines, i. e. thirty-six years. At our

opening, President Gummere was at the head of Haverford, and he it was who first induced me to join the Brown University Club in Philadelphia, as we were both Brown alumni, and my interest in that club, over which I presided one year, is continued to the present day. Later, when President Chase succeeded President Gummere, the two colleges continued to feel that it was their place to do what they could to heal the wounds caused by the division of the Society of Friends in 1827. It was our view that differences should be overlooked and forgotten. The same feeling continued after the accession of President Sharpless, and continues to this day. At the time of the celebration of the semi-centennial of Haverford, as president of Swarthmore I was invited to attend and make one of the addresses. I trust that, if I should be living at the time of the first semi-centennial of Swarthmore, in 1919, I shall see, at that celebration, the president of Haverford College, and that he will be specially invited to take part in the exercises. These two leading colleges of the two branches of our Society have done much, in my opinion, toward the restoration of the harmony which was so sadly broken by the separation of 1827.

They have both been established since that unhappy early day, and if they had both existed at that time, I believe that I make no mistake in saying that the separation would never have occurred.

I must mention another of our early professors whom President Parrish was the means of securing for Swarthmore, not by his direct influence but by referring me to him. Speaking, as he often did, of the importance of having handwork introduced early as a part of our curriculum, he told me that a certain recent graduate of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was the man to secure for this department. In our early financial condition, however, we were not able to offer this young man a salary that would secure his services. About that time he found a satisfactory opening in the University of Minnesota, at Minneapolis, then a new and rising institution, and there he made a successful beginning of a department of civil engineering. But after some two or three years' service at Minnesota, there was such a lack of harmonious action among the members of the faculty that he felt inclined to resign. On hearing of this, and remembering President Parrish's favorable

report of him, I opened communication with this young man, through a member of our board, in reference to a proposed department at Swarthmore similar to the one in which he was engaged in Minneapolis. It was not long before we came to satisfactory terms, and this was the beginning of the work of Professor Arthur Beardsley at Swarthmore.

At that time we had no college buildings but the one since called Parrish Hall and a wooden structure to the north of it called a gymnasium and built of wood. To make a place for the training in practical shop-work, a part of this gymnasium was divided off, and there for a few years the work of Professor Beardsley was carried on. As President Parrish had early predicted, this department was soon so popular that the space devoted to it became wholly inadequate. Professor Beardsley was therefore constantly urging the erection of a new building to accommodate the subjects of Physics, Chemistry, and Engineering. It was not many years before he induced Samuel Willets, the president of our board, and Joseph Wharton, to unite in giving a sum large enough to erect and equip what was called the Science Building. This building served the

purpose for a number of years; recently, to give the needed added room, the subject of Chemistry has been assigned to a new building erected between the Science Building and the Meeting-house.

Soon after his graduation, Professor Beardsley had taken an important part in superintending the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel, the first tunnel of magnitude built in this country. The work upon this first great tunnel was directed in so skillful a manner that (which was then a great wonder) two companies of laborers in two tunnels, starting on opposite sides of the mountain, nearly five miles apart, came together in the middle, under the mountain, with but a fraction of an inch in variation. Much success has attended Professor Beardsley throughout his career at Swarthmore, but, most unfortunately for the college, his eyesight gradually failed him, and his superior work was forever at an end. At various times during his career as head of the department of engineering he has been offered elsewhere very considerable advances over what Swarthmore could afford to pay him, but his love for the college and its work impelled him to decline these offers. He has remained a most

valuable member of our faculty. Aided by one of his daughters, he has the care of the Friends' Historical Library, which now contains several thousand volumes, all Friends' books, collected largely by his constant care and solicitation. It is safe to say that there is no more complete collection of books written and published by Friends anywhere in this country, and with one exception not in all the world, than the collection made and carefully guarded by Professor Beardsley in the Friends' Historical Library at Swarthmore.

Another of our professors in the early years has been so closely connected with the work of my life as to require special mention. During the years spent in Providence, Rhode Island, after my graduation in Brown in 1852, there came into my class-room early one morning, to become my pupils, two boys of thirteen and fifteen. One of the first questions asked by the elder was whether the books on the open corner shelves of the small library were mine, or whether they belonged to the school. I told him that most of them belonged to the school, but that all were there for the use of my class whenever they wished to refer to them. With this answer the bright boy seemed

much pleased, and in the recesses and after school he was oftener near that corner library, poring over the books, than in the yard playing with his classmates. His studious habits were conspicuous from the first, and before I left the school the results of these habits were apparent. He ultimately entered Harvard College, while his younger brother went to Brown University. In Harvard this elder brother was very successful in his studies. He was especially fond of Greek, and in his Junior year received the Bowdoin Prize offered in that department. After graduation, and a brief experience as teacher in Boston, he received an appointment at Harvard as tutor in Greek, and served the college in this capacity for two years. At the end of this period he went abroad, where he spent two years, chiefly at the universities of Berlin and Bonn. Meanwhile we had quite lost sight of each other.

A few years after the opening of Swarthmore, in arranging for the coming year, I desired to secure a good teacher. In those early days the college could not pay for professors in every department, and the conditions required the combination of Greek and

German under one professor. I concluded that, as the annual meeting of the Philological Association, which I had taken part in organizing at Poughkeepsie a few years before, was to be held in Providence that year, I would attend the meeting for the special purpose of learning there of a suitable professor of Greek and German. After a night upon the Sound, on entering the train after leaving the boat, to my great surprise and pleasure, I met the young man whom I had known several years before in the Providence High School. When I told him of my special mission in attending the meeting of the Philological Association in Providence, he immediately said that he had just passed two years abroad in studying the very languages I wanted, Greek and German, and before we reached Providence the engagement was completed which resulted in giving to Swarthmore one of its strongest men. His refined and scholarly influence is still felt at Swarthmore, where he is engaged in teaching Greek. This man is William Hyde Appleton, whose culture, superior scholarship, and charming personality have greatly endeared him to his pupils and colleagues.

I must add here, by way of anticipation, that when I retired from the presidency of Swarthmore, I could not feel satisfied to do so until I had some one in mind to fill my place. The simplest way to do this seemed to be to induce Professor Appleton to take my place, and give me the desired opportunity for a year's study abroad, before entering upon the professorship of French. After some urging he consented to be acting president for the year of my absence. His duties as professor were so attractive that he reluctantly consented to act, and only because I, his good friend, so much desired it. On my return to the French professorship, a year later, the board strongly urged Professor Appleton to accept the position of president, which he finally did, with the understanding that he should be relieved of the office as soon as a successor could be found. This successor was found at the end of another year, in Charles De Garmo.

The department of pure mathematics being one of great importance in the eyes of Friends, it was the desire of President Parrish to secure a head for this department who would so direct it from the beginning as to insure perfect

success. A young woman, who knew of the opening of a college by Friends, applied to President Parrish for the position of teacher of mathematics. She had gone to Vassar College, and placed herself there under the able instruction of Professor Maria Mitchell. Later, as I was about to take charge of the preparatory school, in which most of her teaching would be done, President Parrish advised me to visit Vassar and interview Professor Mitchell as to the capacity of this young woman. I was well satisfied, on making this visit, and she was accordingly engaged. This young woman was Susan J. Cunningham.

When the time for the opening came, in the fall of 1869, she was one of the first to present herself on the ground. The main building being then in an unfinished state, sleeping accommodations could not be obtained at the college, so she went each night to West Chester, returning in the morning. Being on the ground before the arrival of the first students, she was ready and willing to do any of the preliminary work, and made herself very useful in that busy and anxious season. She showed thus early her willingness to work, in season and out of season,

and she has continued to show this disposition in her class-room. Not only has she taken all the class-room work that her programme called for, but she has filled many vacant hours with work for backward students, with a patience and perseverance that have been truly remarkable. When the time came for the building of an observatory, she collected over seven thousand dollars, and gave from her own purse nearly four hundred dollars to the project; later she gave one thousand dollars toward the endowment of the chair of Mathematics. Professor Cunningham built a house on the college grounds under the contract that she should keep it in order while she lived in it; when she leaves the college she leaves the house, and receives then from the college two hundred dollars a year during the rest of her life; at her death it becomes college property. The building of this house cost her four thousand dollars.

Professor Cunningham also gave two hundred dollars to aid in the erection of Somerville Hall. On the opening day of that hall she was appointed to represent the honorary members of the Somerville Society, and made an opening address in their behalf. On that oc-

casian she said that a face and form rose before her to the exclusion of all others — the face and form of Lucretia Mott. She continued: "I remember Lucretia Mott so well when she last met with you on an occasion like this, so frail in body, but with a face so angelic in expression that we felt then that she was giving us her last service and counsel. I remember, too, what a noble woman she was, how she labored and spoke always for the downtrodden and oppressed, for the equal rights of men and women, and for all good works; and I said to myself, 'Your society has done itself honor by naming the society and this beautiful building after a rare woman, Mary Somerville, who worked in one intellectual direction. Why could not the life, associate, and honorary members found today a fellowship honored by the name of Lucretia Mott, a fellowship by means of which one woman-member of our graduating class could go to some university, either in this country or abroad, and devote a year to advanced study, so that these two names — Mary Somerville and Lucretia Mott — may live to the students of Swarthmore as long as your society stands?'" She then reviewed the

scholarships and fellowships given at other colleges for women; after this she proposed that all the life members of the Somerville Society should pay a small sum annually, thus making up a purse of five hundred and twenty-five dollars, to be awarded each year to the woman of the graduating class who should be the most worthy to be aided in advanced work. It was thus, at the suggestion of Professor Cunningham, that the Somerville Literary Society founded the Lucretia Mott fellowship, which is a fitting memorial to a most noble woman.

Professor Cunningham was never satisfied with mediocre scholarship, either for herself or for her students. To advance herself in her profession she has spent in study abroad many of her vacations; she has also worked in the observatories at Harvard, Princeton, Chicago, and in California. When President Swain agreed to come to Swarthmore on condition that the endowment should be raised from four hundred thousand dollars to one million dollars, — which has since been done, — she subscribed fifteen hundred dollars toward that increase, and paid fourteen hundred of it herself, a friend and former student pay-

ing the remaining one hundred dollars. For ten years she maintained one student at the college, besides obtaining money towards the tuition of from one to three others each year for many years. I must repeat in this connection what I have said before, that the time will come when women will receive salaries equal to those of men when they perform equally well the same services. It should be so, and Swarthmore would do well to take the lead of our American colleges in granting to this extent equal rights to women and men. At my time of life I can hardly hope to see this result, but it is sure to come.

When we began work late in the autumn of 1869, besides the matron (later called dean), Helen G. Longstreth, there was but one other woman in our faculty of five. This was Anna Hallowell, whose health unfortunately was soon after found to be insufficient for the work required; her place was taken by her brother, Norwood Hallowell. He was with us for only a brief period, and the work in history and literature was intrusted, in February, 1870, to Maria L. Sanford, who was made a member of the faculty. She had come from New England a few years before this, and had been very

successful as superintendent of the public schools in a neighboring county. Hearing of the vacancy at Swarthmore, she made application for the position. Her excellent work and her enthusiasm in her profession were well known to Clement Biddle, of Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania, and through him, as chairman of our instruction committee, the appointment was made. Her zeal in her work knew no bounds, and she proved a most inspiring teacher. At that time history had not been given the place which its great importance demands. About twenty years before, when I was a student in Yale, it was considered as a secondary study in the curriculum, small place being left for it by the great trio, Latin, Greek, and mathematics. I learned soon after, under Dr. Wayland, the mistake of such an arrangement. It was in this, as in other ways, that my course at Brown had taught me to vary materially at Swarthmore from the old *régime*.

In that day Swarthmore was too poor to have a separate professor for each important study, and the proper duties of several professors were sometimes intrusted to one. In the case of Professor Sanford, history and literature were confided to her care. These she

very ingeniously combined, making one tell upon the other, as she trained the students in literature by requiring long essays on historical subjects; in her zeal she was often in danger of encroaching upon the time due other departments. While thus getting a good deal of work from her classes, she never spared herself. Her lectures, on history especially, gave her a reputation, and she was invited to give lectures, and sometimes short courses, elsewhere. These invitations she often accepted, and in doing so was not always careful to secure in advance the consent of the instruction committee. As a result she gave dissatisfaction to this committee, and decided at length to send in her resignation, which was accepted. She was not long in securing another position, in the University of Minnesota, where, under President Folwell, she took the chair of elocution and history. There her public lectures have been regarded as a great advantage to the university, and for many years she was the only woman on their faculty. Obviously, her work has been very satisfactory in Minnesota, for she is still very popular there. If she had remained at Swarthmore, I cannot doubt that her work with us would eventually

have been as satisfactory as it is in the University of Minnesota.

Before concluding this chapter on some of the early professors of Swarthmore, I feel that it will be in place to give some impressions of those early years left upon the mind of a student, Phebe A. Field, who came to us among those best prepared, but who was called away at the end of her Sophomore year. Various causes combined to decimate our ranks and diminish the size of our graduating classes in those days. But I permit her to speak for herself.

“My days at Swarthmore ended with my Sophomore year. I passed the examinations for the Junior class, but the feeble health of my mother made it best for me to return home, although I shall never forget thy kindness, and that of Samuel Willets, nor the temptation that I felt to go on ; but I have found a satisfaction in being with my parents in their later years.

“I remember, very distinctly, Professor Goldwin Smith being at Swarthmore. It was a great pleasure at Toronto last summer to look upon him and to listen to his voice again after the lapse of years. I regretted that my

illness at the time of Maria Mitchell's visit to Swarthmore prevented me from hearing her learned discourse on the 'Spots on the Sun.'

"Lucretia Mott gave us most beautiful counsel on First-day morning in Meeting in the early part of the Fourth Month, 1871. I had never heard her speak so well, and many of us felt that in all probability we should never have the privilege of listening to her again.

"Clarkson Taylor exhibited some very fine stereoscopic views of California, and gave an interesting description of the scenery. Thomas Foulke, of New York, gave his lecture on the Yosemite Valley about Third Month of the previous year.

"Hugh Foulke also addressed us, and I remember feeling surprised that he spoke so well. He was a very modest and unassuming man, and few understood his real worth.

"I also remember Miller McKim. His earnest address made a deep and lasting impression. Best of all was Dr. Thomas, and his recollections of India. I never forgot his description of the rhododendrons on the sides of the Himalaya mountains. Perhaps they appeared to him clothed with more than ordinary beauty, as they were a place of refuge

and peace during the horrors of the terrible Sepoy rebellion.

“Many things in that early day were crude, I know; and I remember thy dismay at the irregularity of our Freshman class. But we were willing to work, and tried to make up some of our deficiencies.”

I must add that we rejoiced in the spirit shown by this class, and in the success of the few who remained with us until their graduation in 1873.

I have spoken, in chapter vii, of our connection with the Church of the Disciples, of which James Freeman Clarke was the honored head and founder, and where our eldest daughters were trained in the Sunday-school. Our membership in that liberal church brought us in touch with many noble men and women; among them John A. Andrew, our war governor, and in an especial manner with Julia Ward Howe. The governor sent a kind message to those having charge of the dead who fell first, in Baltimore, in our sad war of the Rebellion, “to send their bodies home tenderly for interment.” With Julia Ward Howe we became connected, entertaining as we did views in so many ways similar to hers. In those

early days of the war she visited Washington, and after her return she presented in MS., and read to us in the mid-week vestry meeting, her lines now so well known as the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic." Desiring to hear as to her addresses at Swarthmore College in its early years, I addressed her a note and have just received from her summer home in Newport the following reply, which will, I am sure, be read with interest by our early students, and by all friends of the college, far and near. She writes :—

DEAR MR. MAGILL,—I should be very ungrateful if I did not well remember your hospitality, by which I have profited more than once. I send you with this a printed copy of my battle-hymn, which gives it exactly as first printed. I remember giving my lecture on Paris at Swarthmore. I think that I spoke there twice while you were in the chair, but am not quite sure. I remember with pleasure visiting the great Exposition of 1876 in your company and that of your wife.

Believe me, yours with kind and grateful remembrance,

JULIA WARD HOWE.

I believe that it will be of interest to my readers to see the copy of the Battle-Hymn "exactly as first printed," and they can compare it with some of the later forms, as modified by the soldiers, to suit their own purposes. It is as follows, printed as Mrs. Howe first showed it to us : —

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemnners so with you my grace
shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-
seat:

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Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Mrs. Howe published a few years ago a most remarkable volume of "Reminiscences," covering a period of eighty years, 1819-99, in which volume all that I have said of her as a member of our Church of the Disciples, under the ministry of that sweet-spirited and liberal minister, James Freeman Clarke, is fully confirmed. This volume, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is truly a record of a long and most useful life, and should be found in every public library of our country. Her facile pen is busy, at her home at Newport in the summer and on Beacon Street in Boston in the winter, and at the age of eighty-seven she is so much occupied in writing that she says in a recent letter that she is engaged on "time work." Surely she is likely to add much of great interest and value for an equally interesting *post mortem* volume, if indeed she be not spared, as we hope, to issue it in her own lifetime. Her long life has been full of

work of various kinds for the betterment of the world, and the general progress of mankind, and especially for the equal rights of the sexes, of which she is, to-day, the most able living advocate, at least among those who write the English language.

CHAPTER XII

PRESIDENT OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

1871-1890

AFTER the resignation of President Parrish, I was left for some time in charge of both the college and the preparatory school. It became obvious to me that the separate organizations could not be successfully maintained for many years under one roof. While accepting the situation as inevitable at the time, I did so with the fixed intention, when conditions should permit, to have the school and college conducted as separate institutions. Toward that end my labors were directed from the first. There being at that time in the college proper only two small classes, the Sophomore and the Freshman, it was clear that the separation, however desirable, would be premature. Before this could be safely done, the four regular college classes must at least be organized and at their work. That the college must be self-sustaining was a thought ever

prominent in the minds of the managers, a thought which arose from their lack of experience in college management. In my annual report to the managers I repeated year after year that as a college gave to the public much more than it received from the public in return, it could not be expected to be self-sustaining. In the report made by the managers to the stockholders, which was based upon my report, this thought was as regularly eliminated from year to year. Now, at last, after years of labor, the fact is fully understood and appreciated by the board.

Of course, under the circumstances, the number of students secured each year was a matter of the first importance, and very few of those presenting themselves were rejected, however poorly qualified. Those not prepared for the Freshman class could enter the preparatory school. In that school there were sometimes, besides the three classes, A, B, and C, subdivisions of those classes, making from six to nine preparatory classes, and in the lowest of these almost any applicant could be placed, if not prepared to go higher. Sometimes students in these lower classes failed of promotion, and appeared in the same class the following



EDWARD H. MAGILL
Professor Emeritus, in 1901



year. The time came at last, in the class that entered in 1881, or twelve years after the opening, when we felt that we must make the college classes one grade higher. This was done by not admitting class A to the Freshman class, but keeping all the class back a year. The result was that only four of the best were passed on as Freshmen, and thus it was that in 1886 we graduated but four,—the smallest class ever graduated at the college. This attempt to raise the grade of the college, although felt by the faculty to be a necessity, caused much dissatisfaction among some of the active managers. But the faculty stood firm, and time has fully justified their action.

Connected with the desire on the part of several of our most active managers to keep permanently, as a part of the college, a school for small children, was the idea that we should make Swarthmore essentially a training-school for teachers, and use the youngest classes as a species of model school. This thought was earnestly urged upon the board by a few managers, the plan was actually adopted, and we, as a faculty, were directed to carry it out. To make this model school attractive, one of the largest class-rooms was set aside, and the floor

was nicely carpeted, not merely stained or painted, as was that of the other rooms. Notices were sent out to the general public during the summer vacation. With a few of the faculty, I was expected to make these invitations and arrangements our especial care ; and not even a week's intermission or rest did we enjoy that summer. Finding it inevitable, I entered into the scheme as heartily as possible, and when September came we had a largely increased list of applicants for the coming year. The woman employed to teach this model school had had considerable experience of a similar kind elsewhere, and that autumn saw Swarthmore with a largely increased number of students, many of them intending to teach after a year's training, and ready to go out as substitutes even during that one year. There was also an increase in the number of little children upon whom, poor innocents, the experiment of "normalizing" Swarthmore was to be tried. I did as directed by the managers who were especially interested in this work, but from the first I felt that the year would be a lost year in the development of Swarthmore College. Of course, little attention was paid to the fitness of applicants if they reported

that they came for study and practice in the normal department. Children, too, were freely received with less than the usual amount of schooling to enter class C, for they would make good subjects for experiment in the model school.

During that year I made it my business to see how the normal department was doing its work, and in the matter of my personal attention to other departments of the college I necessarily fell short of that given in other years. Previously I had made it a rule, to be followed as closely as possible, to see every teacher's and every professor's work at least a few minutes every working day. This year that rule was frequently and necessarily disregarded. As the last term drew near its close, I felt that I must draw up and present to the board a full statement describing the organization of the normal department, its effect in lowering the standard of new applicants, its disastrous effect on the small children who were experimented upon, and the standing of Swarthmore among the other colleges of our state and country. I closed by earnestly urging the board to return to the idea of a college as a college; and to fill up, as fast as

possible, the college classes with well-prepared students; to stand firm against admitting children under twelve years of age; to raise the age of admission as soon as practicable, and to encourage the establishment, in our neighborhood, of a good preparatory school, not under the care of our board. Such a school, I urged, would enable parents who sent their older children to the college to bring with them, and place near us, in an entirely separate institution, their younger children, to enter college when they were properly prepared. I put my whole heart and soul into this report on that disastrous normal school experiment, and, to my great relief, the report was very kindly received by the managers. Their action soon showed plainly that the short reign of normal school (*versus* college) was gone forever. I should add that the excellent preparatory school directed by Arthur H. Tomlinson is now a realization of what my report then called for. This school, together with the well-managed system of public schools in the town (some of the school directors being professors in the college), has now placed the college upon a more solid foundation.

During the presidency of Edward Parrish I had little if any direct communication with the board. When, some months after his resignation, I was appointed president early in 1871, I came into direct relations with that body, and it seems proper, at this time, to give some account of their organization and methods of management. While the managers were a body directly responsible to the stockholders, and appointed all the officers of the college, the faculty naturally decided as to the courses of study, the classification and promotion of the students, their government, and the general management of all affairs that immediately concerned the life of the students in the college family. A close supervision of the whole was maintained by the board, especially by its executive committee, and a few of these, known as the weekly committee, visited the college every week.

The faculty, instead of making reports at stated periods, sent to the managers, at each meeting of either the general board or the executive committee, their minute-book. The minutes being read in the managers' meeting, caused every act of the faculty, including the details of management, to claim the attention

of the managers. This had been a plan of my own, made with the design of securing harmony between the two governing bodies. I am convinced now that it was an error, and that a regular written report to each meeting of the managers would have been more likely to secure the harmony so essential to the well-being of the college. It was sometimes found necessary for the faculty, on certain occasions of disorder, either to remove students from the college permanently or to suspend them for a longer or shorter period. The good order of the college seemed to require this, and there were sometimes conflicting views, which made the government of that mixed body of college and preparatory students exceedingly difficult. The use of tobacco by the students, which was strictly forbidden in the college from the first, was one of these causes of difference, but it was generally found that those who persisted in its use, after entering with a full understanding that it was forbidden, were undesirable students in other respects.

The matter of hazing, especially in a college like Swarthmore, where all lived in one home, was considered, from the first, as sufficient cause for prompt dismissal. One serious

case of the kind occurred early and was met by instant dismissal. This was for years taken as a precedent, and as a result hazing has rarely been indulged in since. The effort was made, not without success, to make the students see how much their own comfort was promoted by our strict observance of this rule.

One of the early cases of discipline was due to the traditional feud between the Sophomore and Freshmen classes. With us this feud assumed the form of a strife between the classes over the planting of the class tree, which took place early in the Sophomore year. The men of the first Sophomore class, i. e. that of '74 ('73 having but one man in the class), had originated the practice, and the Freshmen of that year had decided to do their part by pulling the tree up, cutting it into small pieces, and appearing at breakfast the next morning with bits in their buttonholes,—if they could. The practice thus inaugurated, the night of the planting of the Sophomore tree was the signal for strife between Freshmen and Sophomores. The Sophomores watched their tree until sunrise the next morning, the rule being that after the first night the

Freshmen never disturbed it if it had been successfully defended by the Sophomores until sunrise. Once or twice the Sophomores built a three-cornered pile of fence-rails very high around the tree, to make its defense easier.

For several years this annual contest was continued, and one night, while losing my night's rest sitting in the east arbor, watching for the hostile movements of the two classes, I decided upon a plan to turn this foolish strife into a profitable channel. The next morning I had the two classes assemble, and promised them that if they would give up the tree-pulling, we would have an annual declamation contest between the two classes, and I would, personally, present the victorious class with a prize of fifty dollars; but if any attempt was made to continue the strife about the class tree, the class making it should have no opportunity to contest for a prize that year. This attempt to change a struggle of brute force into one of intellectual supremacy was a complete success, and was the origin of the President's Prize for Public Speaking, which, in different forms, has been given to the successful classes by the presidents who have followed me. I little knew that that quiet hour

of thought at midnight, in the east arbor of the Swarthmore lawn, would prove so far-reaching in its consequences.

Among those who were often active in their opposition to the president in the early days — men all thoroughly honest in their purposes, and desiring only the best interests of the college as they understood them — I may mention here Hugh McIlvain, Edward Hoopes, Clement M. Biddle, Clement Biddle, and Dr. M. Fisher Longstreth — all of whom have now passed on to the life beyond, leaving descendants who retain their deep interest in the college. None of these will, I trust, feel wounded by this allusion of mine to the work of their fathers, inspired as these all were with an affection for the college, and with a determination, as far as in them lay, to further its best interests. One of them once said to me: "All the fault that we have to find with thee, Edward, is that thou hast seemed determined to get rid of the younger classes, and make of Swarthmore a college only, without a preparatory school." This was said by one who had been for several years chairman of our instruction committee. He was succeeded by Eli M. Lamb, whose views on this subject

coincided with my own, and by whose aid and encouragement I felt that my ultimate success was achieved.

The gradual working out of this change from a mixed school and college to a college is thus graphically set forth by Eli M. Lamb, in a report which he recently sent me, at my request, from records in his possession.

NUMBER OF STUDENTS.

Year.	Preparatory School.	College.
1882-83	192	82
1883-84	216	83
1884-85	158	112
1885-86	112	123
1886-87	117	123
1887-88	85	170
1888-89	82	165
1889-90	80	163

In the year 1884-85 class C was dropped.

In the year 1889-90 class B was dropped.

In the year 1890-91 class A was dropped.

After one year when there was one college preparatory class the final change came, and since 1891-92 college students only have been admitted. Those ten years of struggle were to me memorable years. I quote further from the recent letter of Eli M. Lamb:—

“To produce this result required much work and a good deal of diplomacy, for many

Friends, notably our good minister, Clement Biddle, of Chadd's Ford, and his not small following, clung tenaciously, and with very great sincerity, to the boarding-school (like Westtown) idea. These persons were to us Scylla and Charybdis, both of which were dangerous and had to be shunned. After careful steering for a long time, the craft sailed with rapidity through that narrow channel."

I feel it to be a duty, as well as a great pleasure, to speak of the services of Eli M. Lamb, who, from the beginning of his work with us as a manager, did everything in his power to bring about the result to which he has here referred. Having been long and successfully engaged in the work of education, there was no one better qualified than he to enter upon duty as a manager. In his position as chairman of the instruction committee he enabled me greatly to simplify my work, and to advance toward the end desired, with the approval of the board. Although very closely occupied with his well-known successful school, the Friends' Elementary and High School in Baltimore, — a school which prepares many students for Johns Hopkins University, — he was ever ready, at critical periods, to leave his

work at brief notice and come to Swarthmore to offer his personal counsel. When it was impossible for him to come, he would send me hopeful and encouraging words by the first mail. Often have I sent for him in the afternoon, and he would reach the college that night in the midnight train, once or twice in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. We conferred into the small hours, and he returned to his own school by the first train next morning. In those days I kept filed, in a case constructed for the purpose, the vast number of letters which I received in connection with college affairs, and the pigeonhole labeled L was usually full to overflowing. I am safe in saying that these letters, if published, would make a volume of no inconsiderable size and value.¹

One of my most firm and constant friends among the managers did not enter upon duty until Twelfth Month (December), 1873, a few

¹ It has been a great satisfaction to me that all of Eli M. Lamb's daughters received the advantages of the full college course at Swarthmore, though all three of them were too late for me to have the pleasure of signing their diplomas during my presidency, two of them graduating in 1894, and one in 1902. Had his valuable services for the college been of an earlier date, doubtless his two sons would have been glad to avail themselves of the same privilege.

months after the graduation of our first class. Many of the early misunderstandings between the managers and myself, as president, were then over, but from that date until the present hour I have found in Isaac H. Clothier a firm friend and supporter in my plans and trials. He came into the board by being appointed one of the clerks of the stockholders' meeting. We soon became very intimate, I having long well known and highly esteemed his father, Caleb Clothier, who for many years was one of the most active and esteemed members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, at a time when he, with William Dorsey and George Truman, were among those occupying gallery seats—then a mark of more distinction between the “weighty members” and those occupying the floor seats than now. Isaac H. Clothier's position as clerk of the stockholders' meeting gave him a place as a member of the board, and his connection with the college in that capacity began in the winter of 1873-74. Whatever changes seemed to me necessary for the good of the college, I invariably talked over with him before taking action, and through him I approached the board in many cases

where alone I should have hesitated about doing so. In those days he lived at Sharon Hill, with Clement M. Biddle on one side and Dr. M. Fisher Longstreth on the other. It was a good horseback ride to the homes of these three active managers, and many an anxious evening have I passed with them talking over college affairs. I used to bring any new matter about which I felt doubt to Isaac H. Clothier first; if he approved, then, often on the same evening but sometimes later, I went to the others, and if all agreed, I felt confident that I could go to the board with every prospect of success. As Dr. Longstreth was a man quite difficult to convince, Isaac H. Clothier had a habit of saying, pleasantly, that whenever he wished for harmony he always got between his uncle Fisher and myself and thus prevented a quarrel.

Although Clement M. Biddle was the youngest of us four, he too was often hard to convince, and especially when we opposed any pet theory of his own. His death we all most deeply deplored; but this occurred after the days of my presidency were over. In my year's absence abroad, before entering upon the professorship of French, he furnished me

with funds necessary to buy for the college a number of French books which I desired to use. This resulted in quite an important addition to our French library. He would often enter into an agreement with alumni or others, that if they would contribute a certain sum named for books or other needs of the college, he would add to the sum of their contributions several hundred dollars, and sometimes even thousands. By his sudden death Swarthmore lost one of her earliest, most energetic, and most devoted friends.

I much regretted when the Sharon Hill trio was broken up, and my staunch friend, Isaac H. Clothier, moved to his new home, "Ballytore," at Wynnewood. Soon after that he and I began to take long horseback rides together on holiday afternoons. There were nearly ten miles between us, but we rode upon certain roads agreed upon, and when we met, each took his turn in riding home with the other and coming back alone. Many important Swarthmore affairs were talked over in those long rides, which we both, I am sure, remember. Whenever the board of managers met, and I had any especially important question to occupy their attention, I always looked

anxiously for his arrival, feeling sure that the subject would receive from him careful and considerate attention. On several occasions I went to his charming new home, at his or his wife's invitation, to address a social neighborhood meeting on some topic of special interest.¹

Although from the first Swarthmore had admitted both sexes as students, and admitted them together to all classes, giving to both the same degrees, yet, thus far, very few women had been members of the faculty. Our faculty was formed in a peculiar way: only two officers, the president and the dean, were members *ex officio*; all others had to be elected by special vote of the board after their appointment to a professorship. This was done, at first, to prevent too large a proportion of the faculty being those who were not members of the Society of Friends, and thus

¹ Of Isaac H. Clothier's large family of children, boys and girls, one and all have received their education at Swarthmore. The eldest son, Morris L. Clothier, has been for some years at the head of the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier, his father having retired from active participation in the business. Morris was a graduate of the last class whose diplomas I signed, as president, in 1890. Fifteen years later, as will be seen, he gave the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the endowment of the professorship of Physics.

to keep the college more fully under the control of the managers. In later years, the tendency has been growing toward making all professors and teachers, *ex officiis*, acting members of the faculty. This is well, and it is an important advance upon the original organization. By the charter, all the board must be members of our Religious Society; and this too is well, for, as I have already said, the purpose of this provision was not to make the college a sectarian institution, but to prevent it from falling into the hands of those who might make it sectarian. Swarthmore is, and must continue to be, a non-sectarian college.

At first the only degree conferred by the college was that of A. B. This was conferred upon all graduates. In the confusion incident to the beginning of any great work, provision had not been made for the conferring of other degrees; but it was intended to confer others later, and for these some science courses had been introduced. When the second class came to graduation in 1874, five of the seven graduates received the degree of A. B., and two that of B. S., one of these two taking the simple B. S., and the other taking the degree called then "B. S. in Engineering."

From the beginning of my presidency I had resolved that as fast as conditions, financial and otherwise, would warrant, I would have new courses established, giving a choice of at least three degrees at graduation. My experience in Brown University under Dr. Wayland had convinced me that the time had come to vary from the old classical curriculum, and bring the college up to the growing demands of modern times. Had I remained at Yale, under the old *régime*, I should have been graduated in 1854, instead of 1852, and been far less prepared for the problems confronting me at Swarthmore. If one is careful to follow the leading, when it seems clear, without too much asking why, that leading is likely to produce the best results, and often those which were not at all foreseen. Thus at least it was in my case.

Our first modification of the old curriculum was to give the degree of B. S.; moreover, this was decided and announced as B. S. in Science, and B. S. in Engineering. Of course, our degrees in science and civil engineering were of much less real value than the degrees given in these subjects in later times. They were tentative and served their purpose in their day.

But the beginning of an innovation in a long established practice is usually the hardest part, and to me those were indeed anxious days. At one time I had almost decided to let the students take what they chose, year by year, only requiring a properly filled programme, and at the end giving the degree most appropriate to the subjects chosen. But I had not progressed so far as some institutions of modern times, which give the degree of A. B., whatever the subject chosen. Of the wisdom of this modern movement I must let others decide.

One innovation which we made from the beginning was to require no Greek for the A. B. degree, the difference in amount of language training being made up by two years of French and two years of German. This was a startling innovation then, but the plan is now adopted by many other colleges and universities, including the oldest and best-known college in our country.

Our plan of educating the sexes together in the same classes, in all the subjects which they elected, subjected us to much criticism. To explain our policy I had given in Philadelphia, and various other places, a lecture on

“The Coeducation of the Sexes.” Upon this question, as upon some others, we stood upon new ground. At that period very few colleges offered a college course of study to women; in thus uniting them in the same educational home and in the same classes as the men, we stood almost, if not entirely, alone. To-day women can enter most of our best colleges on the same conditions, and receive the same degrees, as the men. This is indeed a great change to occur within the limits of a single lifetime. Even conservative Yale has given this year (1905) a number of higher degrees to women, and as they walked up with the men to receive them at the hands of President Hadley, they were loudly applauded by the vast audience. What would the president’s father, my favorite professor in Greek in 1850–51, have thought, if he had foreseen his son a prominent actor in such a scene? Surely the world is moving on.

I shall not make mention of the successive classes graduated since that early day, nor of the positions which the students have occupied since graduation, to the great credit of themselves in almost all cases, and to that of their Alma Mater. This will be shown in detail in

the Historical Catalogue, first prepared by me during this year (1905) or thirty-six years after the opening of the college, which gives, in some detail, the brief autobiographies of those who graduated in the first twenty classes, from 1873 to 1892 inclusive. This catalogue is to be followed by future decennial installments, so that in the future the record of all graduates, both the living and those who are deceased, may be carefully preserved among the college archives and distributed among the large and increasing number of the patrons of the college. These records will furnish many important data for future historians; for the history of a college is largely a record of the actions of the men and women who have been educated there.

A few other colleges in this country have pursued, in a general way, the course here noted, and among these are Haverford, Amherst, and some others; but the one which has done it most thoroughly and completely is my Alma Mater, Brown University.¹

¹ Brown first put forth such a catalogue in 1895, covering the one hundred and thirty years of her history (1764-1894), — a truly monumental work. This year they are preparing a revised and corrected edition, adding ten more years (1895-1905); and the editions are to continue hereafter decennially.

The organization of our board of managers was, to some extent, *sui generis*, and needs to be described if the work of the president and the faculty is to be fully understood. The board consisted of thirty-two persons, men and women, the sexes being equally divided and having equal power. In this, as in other things, the equal rights, privileges, and duties of men and women were scrupulously regarded. Lest there should be any misunderstanding on this point, the board took steps to have the charter so amended as to make this policy clear to all future generations. It had been noticed that in some institutions sudden changes, much to the disadvantage of the institution, were occasionally made. To prevent this very undesirable possibility, the revised charter was drawn with great care, and all possible doubts as to its intention were removed.

Our managers, as a body, never having been accustomed to the management of a college, were sometimes inclined to act like a school committee; they were unwilling to leave

They, however, have not done what we propose to do, i. e. require the youngest class included to have been out of college ten years; we wait for a class to make some history before it is written.

the internal management of the college, including the discipline, the class-room teaching, the selection of appropriate books, etc., entirely to the president and his faculty, where such authority properly belongs. The members of our board are not to be blamed for this; far from it, for they were all devoted to the best interests of the college as they understood them, and acted according to their light. What they did was but the natural result of views on education and educational institutions then prevalent in the Religious Society of Friends. They were always ready to contribute liberally, as far as their individual means would allow, toward the expenses of the college. If their views were not all in accord with those of the faculty, they gained in liberality in their direction of the college year by year. In the course of the many years I spent under the direction of that body, I can truly say that my treatment at their hands, as well as that of the faculty, was kind, liberal, and courteous; and for this I can but express the grateful feeling within my heart, as I look back into the now distant past.

In these memoirs, I could not name all the managers under whose oversight we labored,

but I shall mention, as being especially active among them, Samuel Willets, Hugh McIlvain and wife, Edward Hoopes, Clement Biddle, Edward H. Ogden, Clement M. Biddle, James V. Watson, Jane P. Downing, Eli M. Lamb, Isaac Stephens and wife, Daniel Underhill, John D. Hicks, and Hannah W. Haydock, the larger number of whom are not now living. They often disagreed with me as to the proper ways and means of managing the college, as they did also with our first president, Edward Parrish ; but they were honest in their convictions, and with such men and women there should be, and really could be, no contention or controversy.

Samuel Willets, of New York, was then too old and feeble to be very active in the college work, but he was deeply interested in it, and gave largely of his means, which was most essential for our early success ; he was, from the first, president of the board. I well recall a walk taken with him over the college grounds to "inspect the buildings ;" a curious expression, for, except the one general building, Parrish Hall, there were then no other buildings to inspect. When he had seen all, and heard what was proposed for later

development, he expressed pleasure in the excellence of our location. Standing at the edge of the girls' grove, where the Meeting-house now is, he looked around on the well-cultivated and nicely-mown fields, and said: "Edward, in all the early part of my life I was closely occupied in doing *that*" (and he closed his fist firmly as he spoke). Then, slowly opening wide his hand, he added: "I have been trying, all the latter part of my life, to do *that*." From the first he was a noble and generous friend of the college, and many times, when we needed a few thousand dollars for some special purpose, he would say, "Raise one half that sum in the limits of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and I will be responsible that the other half, from the Friends in New York, shall be ready." This latter half frequently came as a personal gift from himself.

One of the latest acts in the noble and useful life of Samuel Willets was the signing of a check for a large sum to make good our great loss by fire, which destroyed our entire college building, about twelve years after the opening, in the autumn of 1881. After our painful and long-continued efforts to provide

the means to put up this first building, which cost about two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, to lose it with insurance upon it for less than half its cost—which was an accidental oversight of the chairman of our building committee—this was indeed hard to bear. Coming thus suddenly, the disaster almost disheartened us. Each summer vacation we had made additional improvements, and in that fatal summer of 1881 we had just completed the painting of the walls of the long halls and rooms, and were rejoicing in our successful preparation for our thirteenth year.

On a certain First-day (Sunday) afternoon in September, 1881, I rode on horseback by the front of Parrish Hall on the way, so often traveled, to meet my friend, Isaac H. Clothier, at his pleasant home at Sharon Hill. As I passed the front I said to myself, "The year before us looks most hopeful. The halls and rooms are nicely papered, and there is an entrance list of about two hundred and forty students." Little did I think how soon or how suddenly our bright prospects were to be blasted. It was near midnight on my return, and again I rode past the front of Parrish Hall on the way home, and the same

happy feelings filled my heart, increased by a hopeful and encouraging talk with my friend at Sharon Hill. The one-armed watchman—the faithful servant who went on duty and saved us anxiety at night for many a year—William Mullen—was standing at the front door as I passed, and, as often before, he went with me to see my horse housed in the stable. He returned to the college and I entered my house. Just as I was preparing to retire, a deafening report reached my ears; looking from our chamber window toward the college, I saw a stream of fire issuing like a rocket from the great dome, toward the northwest. I ran to the college to aid and direct in whatever relief was possible.

The great tank at the top of the building proved to be nearly empty, and the hose delivered only a feeble stream. Seeing that all hope of saving the building was gone, we roused the men students, who were buried in the first deep sleep of night. In the women's end the matron did the same, assembling the young women in her rooms and telling them not to venture upstairs again. Meanwhile the young men, of their own motion, formed a double line, one line up the northwest stair-

way, the other down the southwest. Thus they carried out all their belongings upon which they could lay hands. They had previously thrown their mattresses onto the front lawn. In an hour or so the house was cleared, and the front lawn was covered with mattresses and other bedding. The young men saved most of their belongings; the girls lost nearly all of theirs. But in that fearful confusion of midnight, not one life was lost, nor was one person seriously injured, although two hundred and nineteen students had returned from their homes after the vacation.

Some students had hastened to the station and telegraphed to Philadelphia for a fire company, but it arrived about five o'clock in the morning, when only the bare walls of our beloved college stood, a smoking ruin. Even at that late hour, the firemen wished to connect their hose with Crum Creek, and throw water on the ruined walls. We forbade them to do so and thus saved the walls from cracking and falling. This in the end proved a saving of almost one hundred thousand dollars in the rebuilding.

The board of managers had visited us on Seventh-day (Saturday) just before the great

disaster, and had staked out the lines for a Science Building, between the president's house and Parrish Hall. As we stumbled over those stakes on that fearful night, we said to ourselves, "This site so near the main building can never be thought of again, on account of danger by fire;" and it never was. Later, when Science Hall was constructed, it took its natural place to the northeast of the college.

The cause of this disastrous fire has never been satisfactorily explained. I quote the following from a letter recently received from Charles B. Doron, a member of the class of 1881, who had graduated a few months before the fire.

"I remember meeting Dr. Leidy, who, with tears in his eyes, asked me why I had left chemicals in my dark room off the museum, and had thus set fire to the building, through spontaneous combustion. This report, I believe, was published in the 'Public Ledger' of Philadelphia, and for many years I was credited with the disaster. Fortunately for my record, I had removed everything from that closet before vacation commenced, and the closet was empty. Just before commencement I had emptied a barrel of alcohol into two

glass carboys, and these were in the closet next to the glass-room. These probably caused the two explosions that were heard, and also spread the fire rapidly. The alcohol had been sent there for museum purposes, and I made the change by the direction of Dr. Leidy."

In a later letter Mr. Doron says that he is at a loss to account for the origin of the fire, as, so far as he knows, there was nothing anywhere in that vicinity that could take fire by spontaneous combustion. My own theory has always been different and is as follows: The supply gas pipe went up through the southwest corner of the dining and study rooms to the museum above. Some leakage in this general supply pipe was occasionally found and repaired. An undiscovered leak must have gradually filled with gas the space behind the plastered partitions, and this gas, escaping into the museum, had reached a small light kept burning there, thus causing the explosions heard, and, perhaps, with the alcohol, the rapid spread of the fire. My own mind was promptly made up at the time that the fire had no other cause.

Discouraging as was this unforeseen disaster, we did not lose hope. A large and efficient



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE (PARRISH HALL), IN RUINS, 1881



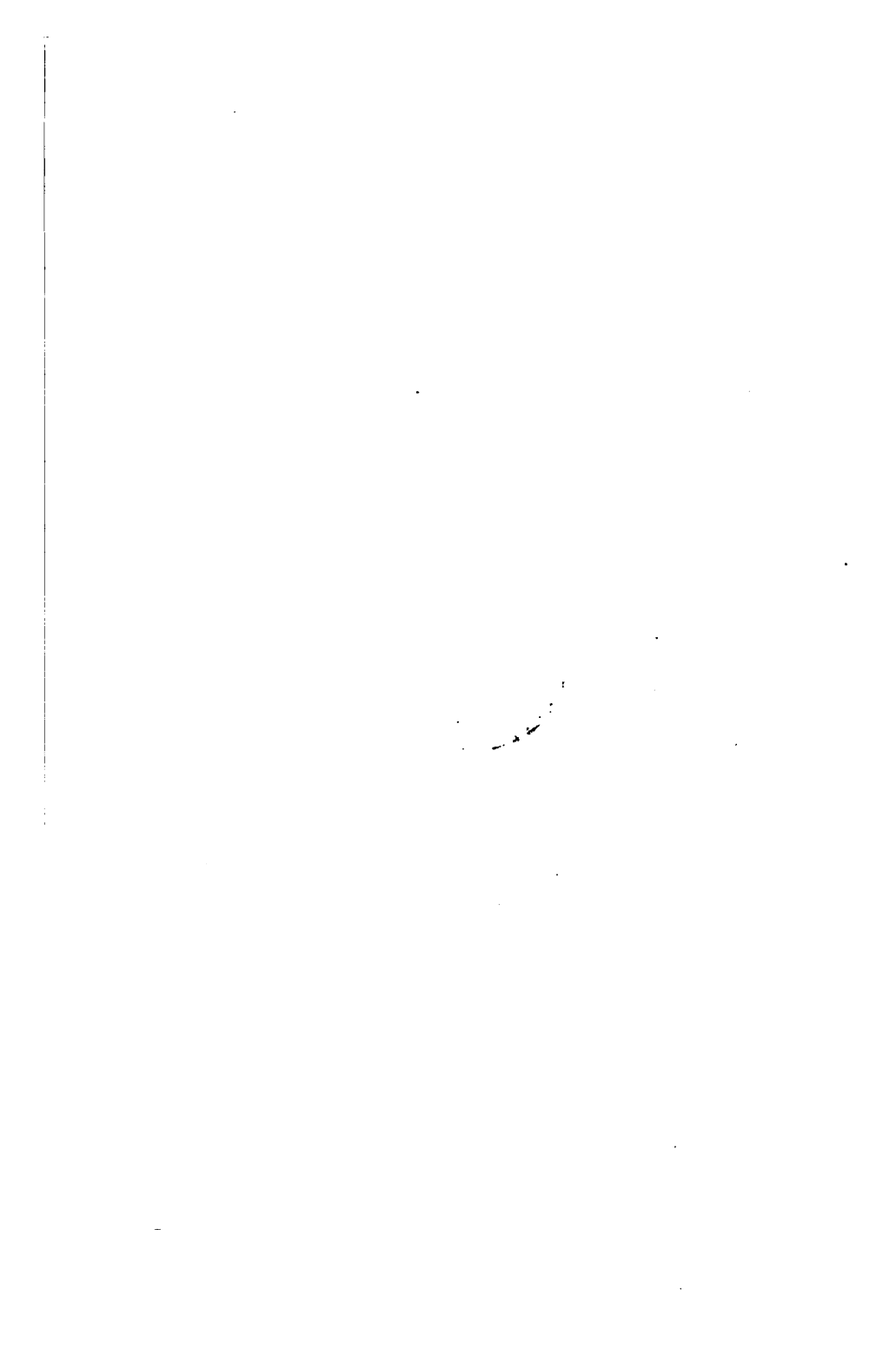
committee was appointed by the board to collect funds, the necessary means were subscribed by Friends and others, and in one year from the date of the fire the college exercises were resumed in the new building. The amount raised was sufficient to make the needed repairs, pay all expenses, and have enough over to liquidate a mortgage of some twelve thousand dollars, the only mortgage that was ever placed upon the college. A check of Samuel Willets, signed upon his deathbed, completed the amount necessary to cover our loss by the great fire.

Six years after the fire, 1887-88, I felt that the time had come for the endowment of some of our professorships. We had, as yet, no alumni old enough to enable us to look to them for this aid. I talked the matter over with several of our managers and other friends of the college, and at length William Marshall, of Milwaukee, suggested to me the idea of a conditional subscription, and papers were sent out just after the commencement of 1887, asking for subscriptions of large or small sums toward the endowment of one professorship with forty thousand dollars.

The subscription papers were so drawn that all subscriptions would be void if the full amount was not subscribed before commencement day of 1888, the next year. Even very small subscriptions were received; the amounts varied from small sums to fifty dollars, one hundred dollars, etc., a few reaching the one-thousand-dollar mark. Samuel Marshall himself contributed seven thousand dollars, and Daniel Underhill, Sr., subscribed one thousand dollars, if we came within that amount of the forty thousand dollars before the coming commencement. As time passed I sent out other and more urgent subscription papers, naming the sum reached and reminding our friends of the danger of losing it all if the required amount should not be reached within the time named. Within about three weeks of commencement some thirty thousand dollars had been secured. At this time the board appointed a collection committee to aid in raising the last ten thousand dollars. Soon after I met and urged two of our most wealthy members to subscribe, they having not yet done so, to my very great surprise. They put me off without an absolute refusal, but were "not quite ready to do so yet."



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE (PARRISH HALL). REBUILT, 1882-1906



Commencement day now drew very near, and still I saw no prospect of a successful close of the forty-thousand-dollar subscription. But finally word came to me that the board had assumed responsibility for the amount needed to make my own collections valid.

About this time, a few days before commencement, Isaac H. Clothier invited me to dine with him at his home at Wynnewood, and after dinner he explained to me the situation, which was substantially this: he and Joseph Wharton had seen Isaiah V. Williamson (later the founder of the Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades at Elwyn, Pa.) and they three had agreed that if the board would assume responsibility for the sum necessary to make up my subscriptions to forty thousand dollars, they would each give forty thousand dollars additional, thus securing the endowment of four professorships instead of one. This good news I was authorized to announce at commencement.

Since that year, 1888, seventeen years have passed, and until the present year no additional endowment had been obtained. But now, through the influence and labor of President Swain, the general endowment fund has

been increased until it has reached one million dollars. As already stated elsewhere, the eldest son of my friend Isaac H. Clothier has endowed the chair of Physics with fifty thousand dollars. He is the first alumnus to contribute to the college such a sum ; but he is likely to be far from the last, as time will show.

I may mention another notable instance of the kind of support that I have received from Isaac H. Clothier in times of need through the laborious and anxious years devoted to the building up of our new college. Soon after the opening, through the aid of Benjamin Lippincott, a friend in Washington connected with the post-office department, I secured the establishment of a post-office at our railroad station. Of this I was appointed postmaster. At that time the salaries of third-class postmasters were based upon the income from the stamps sold by the office. Several members of the board, and others residing elsewhere, patronized the office by purchasing their stamps of us instead of buying at their offices near home. This increased the amount of the postmaster's salary until it amounted to over two thousand dollars a year. Receiving my salary as president, I felt that my time was

the property of the college, and that I could not honorably draw another salary at the same time. I hired, from the first, an excellent assistant, Thomas J. Dolphin, paying him well for so small an office, and put the work practically in his hands, as my time was full of college duties. Even his salary used but a small part of the amount received from the sale of stamps, so I kept an accurate separate account of these receipts, and used the balance in various ways to procure what seemed most needed by the college. This I continued to do until the close of my presidency in 1890.

My accounts as postmaster were, of course, sent in regularly to Washington at the times required by law. One day, word came from Washington to one of our managers that I was about two thousand two hundred dollars behind in my account with the department. Of course I had sureties, as the law required, in the sum of several thousand dollars each. My friend on the board, who had heard of the deficiency, saw Isaac H. Clothier, and proposed to refer the matter at once to my sureties. But Isaac kindly said: "I must see Edward first, and hear what he has to say,"

and he lost no time in coming to me. I was almost completely stunned when I heard the charges, and said at once that I had paid regularly every term as the payments came due, and that I had filed the receipts from Washington. This was some time after our great fire. At the time of the fire I had gone back into the college after all had left it, while the fire was still raging, and, by the aid of a powerful and always willing laborer (John Kane), had entered my office and secured the package of papers which contained my post-office accounts. By these, which had so narrowly escaped destruction, I soon showed my friend that there had been some mistake in Washington. At his suggestion I left home at once and went directly to Washington.

In the capital I found my friend Benjamin Lippincott, of the post-office department, who had so kindly aided me in establishing the Swarthmore post-office, and he went over the accounts carefully with me. This occupied two or three days, and I then had the satisfaction of returning home with the evidence that instead of my owing the department over two thousand two hundred dollars, there were a few cents due me from the department.

The cause of the mistake neither my friend nor myself ever discovered, but we supposed that some one in the Washington office, or on the road, had intercepted some papers, perhaps with the desire of securing an appointment for himself.

It was during the year when Swarthmore College was located at Media — the year after the fire — that our first college paper of any importance, "The Phoenix," was started by the students. Up to that time the faculty had felt that, with so many young people in the preparatory school, the responsibility of a regular paper could not well be intrusted to them. But the idea of a student paper had been growing for several years, and during that year, or immediately after, it became a reality. The paper was called "The Phoenix," as coming from a college which had just risen from its ashes; it might have symbolized also the marvelous and sudden growth of the college, due to the renewed interest of Friends in it on account of the recent calamity. For some time we had a committee of the faculty to whom the "copy" of the new paper had to be presented for approval. For a time this regulation caused considerable friction, and

the committee in charge was not always sufficiently consulted. The ideal condition seems to me to have been attained this year (1905): "The Swarthmorean" has been established, uniting with it "The Phoenix," the two papers being under the joint management of members of the faculty and students.

It seems that the time of the fire was a period of beginning new movements. I may properly mention here the matter of athletics, and the exchange of games between Swarthmore and the neighboring colleges and schools. Up to this time little liberty had been allowed the students in this respect, and an occasional surreptitious game at Media or Chester, with the young fellows of Shortlidge's School, or the cadets at Colonel Hyatt's Military Academy, was a cause of anxiety. I saw plainly that the time was near for greater liberty to be given the students in this matter. Some of the active members of our board, however, held altogether different views, and to see occasional reports in the papers of games of this kind played by Swarthmore students was a cause of great anxiety to me.

Just about this time an infraction of our rules occurred by our students playing a game

with the cadets at Colonel Hyatt's Military Academy. I saw that the time had come when such games, under proper rules, must be allowed, including, of course, return games on our own grounds. After consideration, the faculty yielded this point, to the great satisfaction of the students, and to the disgust of at least a few of the managers. Indeed, we soon felt that by requiring the visiting students to observe our rules as to smoking, betting, and profanity, Swarthmore was really exercising a good influence among the surrounding schools. This institution of intercollegiate sports was another move toward giving Swarthmore an honored and well-known place among her sister colleges. The strict regulations of the early days were due to the number of students in our preparatory school, already referred to, which was then so large that many, who did not understand us or our ultimate aims, said that Swarthmore was not and must not become a college.

It was during the year 1886 that some of us were much exercised on the subject of state taxation of college property. As most colleges were supported largely by endowments, and as the cost of a college education was likely to

grow less as the colleges were more liberally endowed, we felt increasingly, year by year, that a change in our laws should be made, entirely releasing from taxation all colleges that were supported mainly by their endowments.

During the winter of 1886 I traveled much among the colleges of Pennsylvania, especially in the eastern part of the State, and advocated such a change in our state laws. As I passed from college to college I found a feeling prevailing among them that such a change in our laws was reasonable and desirable; and furthermore, that the endowed colleges should even receive state aid, such as was then extended to the normal schools. Indeed, we further maintained that a college degree should be preferred to the degrees of the normal schools as evidence of fitness for positions as teachers in the public schools. It will be seen that we aimed high, and, as we might have expected, our time-serving legislators were not ready to take ground so advanced. As a result, we were not able to move the legislative committees to whom our claims were presented, and that work was necessarily left to the slower development of time.

But another and quite as important a result

followed from my calling together the college officers during that winter. This was the formation of an Association of the Colleges of Pennsylvania, similar to that already existing among the New England colleges; New England at that time being quite in advance of the Middle, Southern, or Western States, Michigan perhaps excepted, in educational matters. On February 16, 1887, we issued a call for a conference of the colleges of the State of Pennsylvania, to be held at Harrisburg on March 1 of that year. Ten of the state colleges were represented at this first meeting, one half of these being represented by their presidents and one half by both their presidents and the presidents of their boards. This meeting prepared a proposed supplement to what was called "An Act to exempt from taxation public property," and which had been approved March 14, 1874. I am confident that the proposition will yet be admitted to be a proper and reasonable one, but public sentiment—to which our legislators are ever ready to bow assent—was not then and is not yet prepared for such an exemption as we proposed for the colleges of the State.

Among my papers is the report of President Seip of Muhlenburg College, who was made secretary of the new organization, stating that I drew up a constitution for the association, which was considered and approved at a second meeting held at Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, on July 5 and 6, 1887. The papers prepared for this meeting by President Apple and myself were presented and more or less fully considered. This may be regarded as the first regular meeting of the association.

President Apple's paper was on "The Idea of a Liberal Education." It was a masterly effort, and took ground quite in advance of the popular idea of a liberal education at that time. He took the word "liberal" in its largest sense, covering the whole area of human knowledge, "so far as this knowledge has been reduced to scientific expression." Soon after we met with a great loss in the death of President Apple, but his ideas have entered into the common thought of leading educators of the present day.

My own paper discussed "The Proper Relations of Colleges to the Educational Influences of the State." A public meeting was held that

evening in the court-house at Lancaster, the principal address being made by Professor Edmund J. James of the University of Pennsylvania, who has recently been called to the presidency of the University of Illinois. His address was a powerful one, and in his clear insight into conditions present and future I believe that I have rarely, if ever, heard it surpassed.

President Apple's address and my own are printed in full in the pamphlet which gives the history of our first year's work; they will show what great progress has been made in educational matters during the eighteen years of the existence of the association. The hopes therein expressed by us for the future of our educational system will be seen to have been largely realized in that period.

But ample room for progress in the same direction is left. One lifetime, however long, is infinitesimally short in considering the progress of the race. This we may hope to see ever advancing, but may never hope to see perfected, for each step upward gives us a wider range of vision, and each generation stands for its outlook, so to speak, upon the shoulders of generations past. When we feel,

as individuals, that there is nothing more for us to do in the way of progress, then it becomes plain that our work is nearly ended.

I have made but a brief reference to the very important meeting at Lancaster. Now, as a more complete organization, "The Association of the Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland" is next to the largest educational association in this country, being surpassed in size only by "The National Teachers' Association," which sometimes assembles over twenty thousand members at its annual meeting, a number reached during the past year at the meeting at Asbury Park.

I should state here that, having in mind the tendency of Friends in those days to decline to work with others, I secured the introduction into the constitution of the association of the clause: "All the decisions of this Association are to be considered advisory and not compulsory in their application." This was evidently quite a relief to our managers, and I meant that it should be. When the expenses of the meetings were apportioned among the colleges represented, I presented this bill to our board with some fear, but I had fully

resolved to pay it myself if our auditing committee threw it out. But they did not, and I felt that a victory had been gained, one which would eventually be more valuable to the college than any other achieved up to that time.

After a few years, I felt that, Swarthmore being now fairly enrolled in the list of the state colleges and working in harmony with them, it would be a good step to invite the new association to meet at the college during the summer vacation. By that means I was confident our young college would become much more generally and favorably known. At first there was some opposition to this plan among the managers, but at length they entered into it heartily. President Seth Low of Columbia University was our presiding officer that year, and Nicholas Murray Butler, now his successor, was one of the most active of the members present. It was a busy and happy week for me, for naturally I was proud to show to the college men of our State just what Swarthmore had become (being one of the youngest of the colleges of Pennsylvania), and how well she could act the liberal host with the large number of guests that thronged her halls.

During the week the Schoolmasters' Association sent a delegation to one of our sessions, with the request that they be admitted to membership with us. At the suggestion of Provost Pepper of the University of Pennsylvania it was proposed to change our constitution and to call the association "The Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland." So it stands to this day.

My labors during the years 1888 and 1889, aside from what I had been able to accomplish within the college itself, having done much to place Swarthmore in its true position among the colleges of our State and nation, I began to consider carefully, but without consulting others, the subject of drawing to a close my labors as president. Having found and recommended to the board a suitable successor, I planned to spend the remaining years of my laborious life in the less burdensome duties of a professorship. My health had been mercifully preserved thus far, amid all my cares and anxieties ; occupying myself for several of the busiest years wholly in the management of the general affairs of the college, without class-room work, doubtless con-

tributed to this end. The funds available for the college at that time were insufficient to maintain the necessary professors in the various departments, but in rearranging the work about this time, I had found that by releasing the professor at the head of the French department and taking his duties myself, with the aid of a young and inexperienced assistant, I could make out the new "budget" in a way that would be satisfactory to the managers. As the result of this arrangement at the close of a laborious year, my assistant in French having been compelled to withdraw on account of ill health, I had been forced for two or three months near the end of the year to carry his duties, my own class-room work, and the general management of the college. On commencement day, just after the close of the exercises, I fell heavily in the hallway, totally unconscious, and was revived with difficulty.

The following vacation was not a restful one to me, although we spent it all, as we had some others, at a charming seaside retreat, East Gloucester, Massachusetts. My nervous prostration wore off, even there, but slowly, and, all things considered, I felt that it would

be wise for me to resign the presidency. To save the managers trouble about properly filling the place, I resolved that I would take the step if Professor William Hyde Appleton would consent to accept the position. My interviews with him were frequent and my persuasions earnest, but he felt that the duties of his own professorship were too congenial for him to exchange them for the presidency. At length, however, as I have stated before, I prevailed upon him to do so ; but he would consent to act for only one year, or until a permanent president could be secured. By private interviews with some of the more active managers, I found that I could carry out my desire to resign in that way.

When it became known that I had tendered my resignation, the general remark was: "Why need he retire so soon?" But I preferred to have that said of me rather than, "Why did he not resign sooner?" The board expressed their regret, but I could not feel it right, or even safe, for me to take any other course. They accepted my resignation, to take effect in one year, and gave me leave of absence for that year, with my regular salary. I felt that this recognition of my services was

an ample reward for all the opposition I had met with on account of my differing views as to the management of the college. They also appointed me to the professorship of French, to be assumed at the close of my year's absence.

The following extract from the minutes of the managers of the college will show how fully my labors as president were appreciated:—

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of Swarthmore College, held Sixth Month, seventeenth, 1889.

A communication was received from Edward H. Magill, President of Swarthmore College, in which he respectfully offered his resignation thereof, to take effect at such time as the Board may elect, and on motion the following resolutions were adopted, to wit:

Resolved, that the resignation of Edward H. Magill as President of this College be accepted, to take effect on Commencement Day, 1890, leave of absence being granted meanwhile, with full pay.

Resolved, that Edward H. Magill be and is hereby appointed to the position on the

College Faculty of Professor of the French Language and Literature, at a salary of three thousand dollars (\$3,000) per annum, beginning with the commencement of the College year, the Autumn of 1890.

Resolved, that the Board place on record their appreciation of the ability, the diligence, the devoted enthusiasm to the College service, the faithful and zealous conduct of affairs, which for eighteen years have marked the administration of Edward H. Magill, as President of this College.

Resolved, that the Secretary be instructed to transmit to him a copy of these resolutions, with the best wishes of the Board for the restoration of his health and for his future welfare.

M. FISHER LONGSTRETH, *Secretary*.

Ever since the date of these resolutions, Sixth Month, 1889, I have kept among my treasures the original copy sent me. I have also a first copy in the handwriting of my lifelong friend and supporter, Isaac H. Clothier, by whom they were drawn up. The second copy is in the hand of the Secretary, Dr. M. Fisher Longstreth, who will be re-

membered as the friend most active in encouraging my appointment as submaster in Cherry Street School, Philadelphia. Is it surprising that now, as the end of my life is approaching, I should revert with a deep sense of gratitude to the names of Isaac H. Clothier and his uncle, Dr. M. Fisher Longstreth?

CHAPTER XIII

A YEAR'S LEAVE OF ABSENCE

1890-1891

AFTER commencement, in the summer of 1889, we made the necessary preparations for a year abroad, in accordance with the leave of absence granted by the board of managers. All our daughters had been abroad, except our second daughter, Eudora, and I was determined to give her the benefit of a year's travel and study. Near the end of August we three, my wife, daughter Eudora, and myself, took passage for Glasgow on the steamer *Circassia* of the Anchor Line. We selected this line because, though slow, it was reputed safe, and after a voyage of a little over a week we reached the north coast of Ireland, and passed quite near. This was the first time we had seen the Irish coast near at hand, and as we steamed by the Giant's Causeway, the weather being fine, the captain kindly slowed down the vessel that we might approach near

enough to see it to the best advantage. It was truly a wonderful sight, from the low base of those great columns of basaltic rock. We were told that the best way to see this great work of nature is to land, and walk in among the columns, as in this way their regularity and enormous size are more apparent.

Near nightfall we reached the mouth of the River Clyde, which winds through its rocky bed ; there we cast anchor for some hours to await the tide. At Glasgow we saw the cathedral, and especially the Necropolis, the city of the dead, with the remarkable inscription over the gate. We could tarry at Glasgow but a single night. We went thence by rail to Balloch, then sailed up Loch Lomond, with the dark side of Ben Nevis rising upon our right and coming down steep to the water's edge. Some miles to the north we landed and took the stage to the east side to Loch Katrine, where we again took boat and sailed among the many lovely small islands, rich in their bright autumn coloring, among them the charming Ellen's Isle. We wished we had brought with us our Scott that we might read "The Lady of the Lake" on the ground.

We passed by coach through the lovely

shaded region of the Trossachs where we should have been glad to spend a few days to enjoy the scenery, but we passed directly on to Aberfoyle, and thence by train to Stirling, where we stopped over night. In the early morning we walked up to the castle, whence a fine view can be had over a lovely country of hill and vale and distant mountains, but the morning being very misty we missed that charming view.

At Edinburgh, we stopped at a pleasant hotel on Princess Street, where the fine statue of Walter Scott almost looked into our second story window. The next day we attended service at St. Giles's, and in the afternoon took a long drive, visiting Arthur's Seat, and Craigmullar Castle, near the University. The following day we turned our steps southward, leaving Scotland to be revisited in later years.

After a last look at Holyrood Castle and Arthur's Seat, visiting, or rather glancing at, Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, Carlisle with its castles and dungeons, and Ullswater, we reached Morland. Here we passed a night with our friend Charles Thompson—a friend who had manifested much interest in Swarthmore College in its early days, and who had

presented a number of rare and interesting volumes to the Friends' Historical Library.

As the year of absence had been given me by the board for purposes of preparation for my labor in the French professorship, I felt that I ought to get settled in Paris and at work on my French — studying the language and selecting books for the college library. With these plans in mind, we passed, with very brief visits, Keswick, Derwent Water, Helvellyn, Thurlmere, Grasmere, Ambleside, Lake Windermere, Ulverston, Swarthmore meeting and Swarthmore Hall, Liverpool, Chester, Rugby, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Charle-cote, Kenilworth, Stoneleigh Abbey, and Leamington. At London we visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Guild Hall, the South Kensington Museum, and the British Museum. Thence we proceeded by way of Newhaven and Dieppe to Rouen, where we had resolved to spend a few weeks in the study of French, before going on to Paris. As we left for home on the twenty-fourth of August and reached Rouen on the twenty-first of September, it will be seen that we had crowded much of great interest into four weeks.

Having heard much of Rouen, and read Victor Hugo's many references to this "City of Old Streets," I was glad to be able to spend some time there; this we could do and still reach Paris before the winter lecture courses fairly began.

Besides the curious old city itself, I was especially interested in the statue of Jeanne Darc, standing near the spot where she was burned at the stake, and in the home of the tragedian Corneille, over the door of which is painted his birth-day, 6 June, 1606. There is also a statue of Corneille, who was the real founder of French tragedy, and whose great work was "The Cid;" after him the principal street of the city is named. Near the city is a lofty hill from which there is a fine view of the Seine entering through a gorge in the mountains on the one side, then after graceful windings through fertile meadows, disappearing through another mountain gorge to the north. Few landscape views are more lovely and impressive than this. On this commanding height has been lately erected a fine statue to the memory of Jeanne Darc.

The cathedral of Rouen, St. Ouen, is one of the finest in Europe, and contains within

it the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, with a casket containing his heart. I much enjoyed the curious ancient streets, each story of the houses projecting farther out than the one below it, until but a very narrow strip of sky was to be seen from the street—one would suppose a most unhealthy manner of building a narrow street. With much of interest in that old town still unexplored, late in October we turned our steps toward Paris. Before night we were settled there, and ready to give some days to the great Exposition before the courses of lectures reopened at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France.

Besides some further study of French, and the selection of French books for our library, I had in mind the selection of certain works suitable for a series of French text-books for class-room use, which I intended to publish. For my wife, daughter, and self, I employed a good French teacher, as I had done in our month at Rouen. The lectures claimed our chief attention in the daytime; evenings were spent in reading French works, from which I must make the selections for my "Modern French Series." When a volume was decided upon, I made it a point to see or correspond

with the author, and obtain his or her permission to reproduce the book with notes of my own. I knew that many books had been thus reproduced in America (through lack of a proper international copyright law) without the permission of the author, but I resolved that this should not be said of any volume of mine. I arranged with several publishers to take home a valiseful of books to examine, which involved a great deal of reading.

The first of the volumes which I chose for the series was "Le Piano de Jeanne," an interesting and amusing story by the distinguished dramatic critic and lecturer, Francisque Sarcey. I visited him and had some difficulty with my imperfect French (for he could speak no English) in making him understand just what kind of permission I desired. At length when I displayed a paper for his signature he spoke up severely, saying, "Ah, Monsieur Magill, je me défie de vous à présent;" which in my confusion I took to mean, "Now I defy you," instead of "I am suspicious of you now." The conversation was abruptly broken off, but I promised to call again and bring with me a friend who spoke both French and English. This friend

was Professor Emile Levasseur, a lecturer at the Collège de France, and a profound student and most indefatigable worker with whom I had been acquainted for several years through an introduction by Hon. Andrew D. White. When we returned on a subsequent evening, Professor Levasseur had no trouble, of course, in making M. Sarcey understand exactly what I wanted.

After that incident I had in M. Sarcey a good friend and supporter until the time of his death, a few years later. The three other authors chosen were Mme. de Witt, the daughter of the distinguished historian, François Guizot; Anatole France, a very able writer, since made an Academician; and Jules Claretie, then the eminent director of the Comédie Française. From each of these four writers, with their permission, I selected one of the four volumes which now constitute my "Modern French Series."

During this winter we heard several sermons by the well-known Père Hyacinthe, and found him, as we expected, a most interesting man. He could speak no English, as we learned on calling upon him, but he had married in New York a young American lady, whom we found

a very entertaining conversationist. Her husband left the conversation of the evening mostly to her. He was fully convinced that the celibacy required of the Catholic clergy was a serious error; and he called his church in Paris, the "Free Catholic Church." He seemed at that time to have a pretty large following, and we found him an excellent pulpit orator.

In the latter part of the winter we had with us at our boarding-house Agnes Kemp and her daughter Marie, who later became professor of German at Swarthmore College.

As spring and the milder weather came on, we visited various places of interest in and near Paris. From Antwerp we sailed for home on the tenth of May; the year of preparation for my work at Swarthmore as professor of French was over, and I felt that it had been a successful year. After a delightful passage of eleven days, we reached home the twenty-first. We were met at the station by the professors and young men, and escorted up the asphalt walk to the front of the college, where the young women were gathered to greet us, and after a brief address of welcome by Acting-President Appleton, and the singing of "Home, Sweet Home," we were accompanied

to our porch, where the good-nights were exchanged.

Soon after our return, as my duties were not to begin until autumn, with my daughter Beatrice I attended the Indian conference at Lake Mohonk, on the invitation of Albert Smiley, — as I had done several times before and continued to do for some years longer. Before leaving home I gave a reception to my French classes, which was fully attended, and much enjoyed by us all. My fine strawberry-beds of several varieties were just in their prime, and did their full share in furnishing provisions for this and later receptions. After our return from Mohonk we enjoyed numerous social occasions with the students at our home and in the college, and received many visits from friends and neighbors.

My time was much occupied in arranging the French books brought from abroad, and in getting ready for my new duties. The prospect of this work, with no confining presidential duties to occupy my attention, I found really delightful. The very thought of it was restful, after the laborious and anxious years toward the close of my presidency. I have often

in his brusque manner, "Teach them your own way, Mr. Magill; I don't care how you get the knowledge into them, if it is only there." I found that my own "Complete French Grammar," published in the latter years of Latin School work, would not answer my purpose at all, full as it was of matters of detail. I now preferred a much shorter course, and this I outlined in MS. It was not long before I got out another French grammar; and because I taught only the essentials in it, I called it a "Reading French Grammar."

I taught one or two of my classes from my MS., and when the new grammar was ready it was a relief. The particular method of presenting the French verbs and the formation of the parts from the few forms called "The Principal Parts" were at that time not to be found in so simple a form in any of the French grammars which I had seen, but the idea has been adopted in several grammars which have appeared since mine. Perhaps I may have suggested the idea to some of their authors, but of that I naturally do not feel sure. It matters not; it was the better way, and the question as to who may have originated it I make no concern of mine.

With the aid of this "Reading French Grammar" I soon taught my classes to begin reading before the end of the first week's study; and all my teaching was directed toward this practical end, thus making the language far more interesting and attractive.

The truth would seem to be that our present methods of acquiring a foreign language are unreasonable, and destined to disappear from the class-room in the near future. Who studies classified lists of names in natural history, for example, without any previous knowledge of the things represented by these names? It is just so in studying foreign words; words express ideas, and these must be in sentences, long or short, before the idea can be expressed. Students should see French words for the first time, not in a grammar or a dictionary, but in the sentences where they belong. I am very sure that this line of thought will be followed out by the generation of teachers now coming on the stage.

I might not be so well convinced of this had I not made practical application of it in the case of one of mature mind — who could read ordinary French in a few months, and who, in the past two years, has read the New Testa-

ment in French, and a good deal of the Old Testament, besides several French works of well-known authors. This person has not had a verb to conjugate, or been forced to learn any of the details commonly found in our grammars. Nor is this student deficient in understanding the language when the appeal is made to the ear instead of the eye. Of course I speak of a mature and well-trained mind, yet this has been accomplished in the midst of many duties and cares.

After my "Reading French Grammar" was completed I turned my attention to obtaining good and interesting reading matter for my classes, and for this purpose my "Modern French Series" of four volumes was brought out. To complete the series more easily, I spent several vacation-times in Paris. These volumes were so selected that the students would be inclined to read them, primarily, for the story told, and would, in a measure, forget that the object of the lesson was training the eye, ear, and hand in the French language. First came the training of the eye to know the words as used in sentences, when seen; then the ear, to recognize the same words and sentences when heard; and lastly the hand,

to write the language when it was read or spoken. The primary part of this teaching was begun after two or three lessons spent in explaining the sounds, and accustoming the ear to hear and the tongue to utter these sounds, the first practice being upon the French alphabet, which the students were trained to repeat, singly and in concert, in the first few lessons. Others may find fault with this system, but I think that my course was different in several respects from that usually followed.

Brief conversations on other topics than those in the book were gradually introduced. Soon after the first few weeks, brief *dictées* would be written — short test sentences from the lesson of the day, in modified forms. In using my own "Reading French Grammar" I required all the French examples to be translated both ways — from French into English and from English into French ; this was done *viva voce* when seen or heard.

Another feature of the book was that the exercises were so arranged that I spent no time out of class in correcting written exercises. This labor, or rather drudgery, I always considered the least productive of good results. But such corrections must be made, and how ?

By a proper use of the blackboards. These I had permanently ruled in columns and numbered. Out of class I put on slips of paper English sentences covering the points to be illustrated in the lesson, and placed one of these papers at the foot of each ruled column, on the chalk-shelf. In my forty-five minutes (the length of our class periods) I called on the pupils to go to the board, place their names at the head of the ruled columns, and put the English sentences on the papers into good idiomatic French. Of these columns there were twelve;—in this way, I could call on all of a class of twenty-four in the forty-five minutes, have the French written on the board, and, what is of the greatest importance, have it all corrected before the class, giving the reasons for each correction. Thus I wasted no time out of class in poring over papers to be carefully corrected and returned to the student, with complicated explanations. These many students never even look at, but consign to the fire unread.

The interest thus inspired in a class is truly remarkable, and the progress is rapid. The attention of all, while each correction is being made and explained, makes a profound im-

pression, and saves a great deal of time. Others may follow similar courses now, but I have never been present in a school where such a system was practiced. I give this here as an important feature of my work in French.

It was quite early in the opening year of my professorship of French that I introduced a system of international correspondence between our students of French and French students in France who were studying English. It was a system devised by Professor Mieille in southern France, and had made considerable headway among students of French in England and those in France who were studying English. But the length of time required to cross the ocean had prevented its earlier introduction here. Each student wrote a letter in the foreign language and sent it abroad to a student in the foreign country whose name and address had been given him. A general bureau in each country, where letters were sought, being established, the students being once paired, each received the foreign letter, written in his own language, and sent it back to the writer properly corrected. In this way the idioms in common use in both languages were taught to the foreign

student, instead of the more formal mode of speech found in books. A slight attempt had been made in this direction by my son-in-law, Professor Thomas A. Jenkins, while teaching French in Vanderbilt University, and so far as known his was the first work of this kind attempted in this country; but we got it into working order at Swarthmore, and after starting thus in the French department, it was also undertaken in the department of German—the bureau of the United States being thus established at Swarthmore. A slight charge, to cover actual expenses of postage and stationery, was made. This work became after a time so laborious, although very profitable to the students, that I arranged later with Professor B. L. Battin of the German department and Professor Isabel Bronk of the French department to give assistance in their respective departments. It was thus carried on successfully for some time, and was recognized by the Modern Language Association of America, in which we were appointed a committee on this subject, and in the course of a few years several thousand students in France, Germany, England, and the United States were thus paired, and gained many de-

cided advantages in the study of the foreign language. But to give attention to all the needed details involved so much labor, both in term time and vacation, that for the past few years it has been entirely given up, and the committee of the Modern Language Association has been released at their own request. I mention here this work in the hope that some of my readers may see a more practical and simple way of introducing this interchange of letters in various countries, and thus, in time, the nations may be more closely united — and universal peace come as a natural result — for

“Mountains interposed make enemies of nations,
Who had else like kindred drops been mingled into one.”

Before passing to a further consideration of the work of my regular professorship, I may say that there were other interests connected with that opening year, some wholly personal, and others affecting the welfare of the college in a larger sense than could any personal affairs of my own. It was the year of Professor Appleton's incumbency of the presidency, as he had accepted the appointment for that year alone.

About the time of the opening in Septem-

ber, my eldest daughter, Helen, who has been named as one of the six graduates of our first class in 1873, was married to the Hon. Andrew D. White. The marriage took place in the president's house, which we occupied that year. The ceremony was in the usual form of Friends, and it had been arranged for Edward Everett Hale to read the marriage certificate, but he being necessarily absent, that impressive service was performed, at my request, by my friend Isaac H. Clothier.

After the wedding I turned with renewed interest to my duties in the college as a simple professor. Having had so many subjects referred to me during my presidency, on entering upon these later duties I resolved that it should never be said of me that I assumed, by the slightest implication, any authority which belonged properly to the president. When my counsel was asked by our president, or the faculty, I gave them the best that my experience enabled, and felt that the counsel asked being thus given, I had no authority to carry it farther.

It is so often seen and said that one in the position of ex-president through former habit is in danger of giving counsel unasked ; and,

what is even worse for all concerned, of endeavoring to urge this counsel unduly. Of course, I observed with great interest what had been my work in the past now progressing under the direction of others, and nothing could be more encouraging or pleasant to me than to see theirs, from added experience, surpassing my own, as time passed on. I may say here that I have never had cause to regret, for a single day, my laying down the presidency, and having it pass into other hands.

In the way of retrospect, at this writing (1905), or sixteen years later, I may say that the constant progress of the college has become to me increasing cause for gratitude and consolation. How often have I said that one of our best and most active managers, John D. Hicks, spoke with truly prophetic vision when he said that in the time to come the early founders would find that they were "building better than they knew."

Aside from my duties as professor of French, I was deeply impressed with the religious situation of the college. This being the case, I was called to speak to our students in our First-day (Sunday) morning meetings on subjects connected with their highest

interests, and upon which I felt at times that, whether professor or president, I could not keep silent. In addressing the students I had a constant desire to speak as if assuming no authority but such as any concerned Friend on the faculty might properly exercise. I believe that in this statement all the presidents who have followed me—Presidents Appleton, De Garmo, Birdsall, and President Swain now in office—would unanimously agree. As the last decade of the nineteenth century passed, and the first of the twentieth approached, this religious concern seemed to grow upon me, and up to the hour of this writing it has continued with me. I had no fixed and formal creed to promulgate, no really new truths to utter; the burden seemed to be the impropriety of narrow sectarian preaching and of the promulgation of fixed forms of creed. I urged that our religion should be one involving our lives, conduct, and character.

It was at this period that I endeavored to secure in our town of Swarthmore (and, as a means to this end, with the approval of the president of the college) the union of the various churches in the services of Thanksgiving day. Dr. Jackson, minister of the Pres-

byterian church, was from the beginning my zealous supporter in this undertaking; and the first of these union meetings was held in his church. I was appointed to give the Thanksgiving sermon.

The next year a similar union Thanksgiving service was held in the Union church, and Dr. Jackson delivered the sermon. The church was well filled with representatives of all the denominations except, I think, the Episcopalians. They thought it right to hold, as on the previous year, separate services in their own church.

The following year I proposed that the Friends should come next in turn. After obtaining the consent of our president, I applied next to the managers; and their consent being obtained, the house was opened—it being the first time, so far as I can learn, that a meeting-house of ours had been opened for such a purpose. The meeting was a most impressive one, and the house was well filled with our own members and members of all the other churches in town, except the Episcopalians. There were seven or eight who spoke, and our Friends and others said of it that it was a very satisfactory and impressive service.

It was desired by the committee in charge that the services in each church should be the same in form as that observed by the denomination. The fourth year it seemed that the time had now come for us to hold the services in the Episcopal church, if the members would consent and unite with us. The rector, Mr. Matos, said he could not give permission without consulting the bishop. On making the request, the bishop replied that he, as bishop, could not, by their rules, give consent, but if Mr. Matos thought that the conditions in the neighborhood made it desirable to open the church for that purpose, he would not forbid it, but leave it to the discretion of the minister in charge. We three, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Matos, and myself, met in a committee, and made the arrangements for opening the church, it being understood that the Episcopalians would hold a separate service of their own at an earlier hour on Thanksgiving morning. We also decided to ask President Birdsall to make the address. Thanksgiving day came, and all went off as arranged; the house, being small, was crowded, seats and aisles, to the door. The services were such as Episcopalians would ap-

prove, with singing, responses, etc., and President Birdsall made a wise, careful, and in every way most satisfactory address. After the meeting was over, general congratulations were in order and freely expressed. We felt assured that now, since the four churches had each been thus opened on four Thanksgiving days, a movement toward church unity, at least in Swarthmore, had been fairly made. Thus the union service, at Swarthmore, on Thanksgiving day was established. In this work, tending to bring the various denominations nearer together, and to make them see more clearly that, whatever their forms of worship may be, they are really one in spirit, my heart was deeply interested.

During my year's leave of absence, at the close of my presidency, as Professor Appleton had accepted the presidency only temporarily, the board naturally felt some anxiety as to my permanent successor. They were constantly on the lookout for a suitable person; but no one was presented who, in every respect, satisfied the wishes of that governing body. The same anxiety continued after my return. In the fall of that year, 1890, a suitable man was found. This man was William

Dudley Foulke, son of Thomas Foulke, of New York; he was elected to the office Twelfth Month (December) first, 1890. On Second Month (February) twenty-eighth, his brother-in-law was accidentally killed on the railroad, and the duties of administrator of the large property of the wife devolved upon him. On the same day, Clement M. Biddle met the faculty and students, and announced that President-elect Foulke had withdrawn; this was after the invitations had been already issued for his inauguration. It was a great disappointment, as all were rejoicing in the prospect of a permanent president, especially as the man chosen was a well-known member of the Foulke family — a family known as connected, for some generations, with school and meeting interests among Friends. Perhaps the best known of this family was, next to William D. Foulke, Joseph Foulke, whose boys' school, and whose ministry in our Society, were very widely known. One of this family, too, had been almost the first of Swarthmore's superintendents — the genial, kindly spirited Thomas S. Foulke, whose wife, Phebe W., was the matron of the college in its earlier years, being the successor of the

first year's matron, Helen G. Longstreth. All of these connections had made our board feel well satisfied in the anticipated inauguration of one so well known and so highly esteemed for himself, and of such a family, as William Dudley Foulke.

The board now began to feel anxious lest the office of president would not be filled in time to make the necessary preparations for the next college year, and I was requested by some of the more active members of the board to aid them in finding a good successor to President Appleton. To do this I found it expedient to close my French classes early, and to start West to see, before commencement-time, some desirable men of whom I knew through my connection with various educational associations. I wished to judge of their work before they had left for the summer vacation.

After visiting several of these who, in my mind, were promising candidates, I heard of one who seemed to me the most promising. After some correspondence with this professor, I arranged for a meeting with him at the Palmer House, Chicago. This man was Charles De Garmo. Although not a Friend

in name, he was one in principle, and I felt assured that his being of a Friends' family would help him with our board. That he was of such a family I considered to be of importance on their account; but that he was a scholar and a born educator was what I quickly discovered. This, in my mind, was of far greater importance than the family to which he belonged, if he was to attempt to make our college take an honored place among the colleges of our State and country.

Professor De Garmo was a graduate of the State Normal University of Normal, Illinois. He had been principal of the public schools of Naples, Illinois, for three years; then assistant training-teacher at the State Normal University. He had studied in Germany, and taken the degree of Ph. D. at Halle University; he had then been professor of modern languages for several years in his Alma Mater, and had been professor of psychology there one year when we met in Chicago. All these facts, and the strong personality of the man himself, decided me very soon to request Clement M. Biddle, then one of the most active members of our board, to telegraph Professor De Garmo at once to meet the board at

Swarthmore. Upon this he promptly started east, met the board, and was elected, after the first interview, without a dissenting voice.

I may mention here that Clement M. Biddle added to his many favors before rendered the gift of a sum of money to pay my traveling expenses that summer, when in search of a president. I am not sure that any other person knows, to this day, of this but myself. Thus he consistently followed the precept: "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." This was all the more noble in one with whom I had been compelled to differ so often in important matters connected with the management of the college.

I have always felt that in securing Charles De Garmo as our president I did a real service to the college. His services were well appreciated by the board and the faculty, and he was successful as a governor of young men. Through his influence in the West a number of excellent students were attracted to Swarthmore. His ability to train teachers, as shown by his excellent classes in pedagogics, was highly appreciated by the board, and by all of us who were associated with him.

Not many years after the appointment of

Dr. De Garmo, who each year better satisfied me that our board had made no mistake in his appointment, he called me into his office one day and informed me that he had been invited to accept a professorship of pedagogics at Cornell University. Situated as he was at Swarthmore, and knowing how much I desired him to remain, he was at first inclined to refuse this flattering offer ; but because at Cornell he would be in charge of the very department in which he felt the most interest, he had concluded to resign the presidency and accept the position at Cornell. Deeply disappointed though I was, I could see, knowing the situation and all the circumstances as I did, that I should have done the same were our positions reversed. I could not censure him ; and one of the first questions that I asked him was whom he considered as best qualified to take his place. He at once named William W. Birdsall, whose successful work as principal of Friends' School at Fifteenth and Race streets he had noted and admired. I saw William W. Birdsall at once, and asked him if he would accept the presidency if it were offered him, and although quite hesitant at first, he promised to accept if elected by the board.

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The result is well-known. President Bird-sall gave us a few years of good service, both by his work in the college and whenever he spoke in public meetings on matters of college concern. At length, finding that the work of a college — to which he was not accustomed — was not well suited to him, he was released at his own request. Some two years later he accepted the headship of the Girls' High School in Philadelphia, a highly important and influential position.

At the beginning of my professorship of French, with my warm friend for many years, Professor Appleton, as president, with work no longer scattered and distracting, and with health renewed by a year's respite from labor, I could repeat with deep feeling the words of the Psalmist: "My lines have fallen in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage." With renewed health and courage I looked forward to the future of the college, and anticipated for it a fulfillment of the highest hopes of its early founders. It seemed not unreasonable to suppose that I might yet, within the limits of my own lifetime, see those earnest hopes fulfilled. Knowing how long it had taken the two leading colleges at that time,

Yale and Harvard, to develop into colleges of the highest grade before claiming the name of universities, I felt that our comparatively rapid growth was now cause for gratitude to the Great Giver of all things.

I have already spoken of my great interest in my class-room work, and my desire to make the work there easy, pleasant, and attractive to the students. I had at this time frequent talks with President Appleton about the old idea of making work hard for students. We agreed that the great business of the teacher should be to make more smooth and plain the road to the temple of knowledge, and not to increase the stumbling-blocks on the way. Culture, we were also agreed, was not advanced by many features of the antique methods. Hence it was that in my "Modern French Series" I made the notes full and clear. So much attention did I give to this that a reviewer of my books, Mr. Talcott Williams, speaking of my notes, called them the "crutches which I offered to help students on their way." I was not in the least troubled by this criticism, for I believed that "crutches" to aid were far preferable to stumbling-blocks to hinder—which latter would be in accord-

ance with the old idea of giving the mind strength by heavy work.

To select the four volumes for my "Modern Series" of which I have spoken, I passed the summer of 1893 in Paris, with my future son-in-law, Thomas A. Jenkins, a graduate of our class of 1887, engaged since his graduation to my youngest daughter. His marriage, which had been postponed some years that he might complete his education at Johns Hopkins University, took place at our Swarthmore home in June of the following year (1894). He was soon after appointed to a professorship of Romance languages at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.

After teaching French several years, the work, including the necessary correction of papers, began to wear upon me, and I saw that some assistance would soon be necessary. I decided that I had better resign the professorship of French, and ask to retain connection with the college as lecturer on French literature. In suggesting a successor (although I have always feared the nepotism which some men have indulged in) I could not lose the opportunity of securing a good professor because he was my son-in-law. I urged President

Birdsall to go and see Professor Jenkins at his work in Vanderbilt University, in which I had been assured he was making good success. I offered to aid the department by a course of lectures, at a much reduced salary, as I knew the college could not pay a professor properly and continue my salary after my partial retirement. On President Birdsall's return he reported to me that his visit had been a satisfactory one. I felt sure, although, with his usual caution, he did not say so, that I should be released and that my place would be taken as I proposed.

I had spent the summer vacation of 1899 with my son-in-law and his family in Nashville, and found there comfort and consolation after the death of my wife, who passed away a few months before, after a long and painful illness. Under the circumstances the companionship of my youngest daughter, Marian, her husband, and their three children, was a comfort and a solace, and the memory of that sad but happy summer is ever before me. I returned to Swarthmore, where my third daughter, Beatrice, then at the head of our department of art, as she had been for several years, spent with me the following year in

the pleasant home of my good friend, Professor Beardsley, of whom I have spoken in these memoirs. Although supplied with an assistant and with aid in correcting the written work in French, my work wore upon me very much, and I spent weeks confined to my chamber—the first time I had lost so many consecutive days since the opening of the college in 1869. The vacation of the following summer, 1900, I spent at the University of Chicago, with the family of Professor Jenkins, who had left Vanderbilt University, and by the invitation of President Harper was teaching in the summer session of Chicago University.

CHAPTER XV

PROFESSOR EMERITUS

1901

IT had been decided that Professor Jenkins should assume my place at Swarthmore in the autumn, and we had much to confer upon, busy though he was with his summer's work at Chicago. During these conferences I was more convinced than ever that with him as permanent head the department would fall into safe hands. It was especially satisfactory to me that my successor was one of our own graduates.

My health was still somewhat frail from overwork, but by care I gave my course of lectures to general satisfaction. During the winter President Harper, who had carefully observed Professor Jenkins's work at Chicago, and being ever on the lookout for good teachers, sent him an invitation to accept a professorship of Romance languages in the University of Chicago. As my son-in-law was

thus invited to go up higher, and with a salary considerably in advance of what we could then afford, he did not feel at liberty to decline the offer. Nor could I urge him to do so. I saw then, as I had seen for some time past, that unless Swarthmore had much larger endowments than she had as yet secured, we should lose our best professors, year by year, as they would receive better offers elsewhere.

Thus it was that one year was all that it was permitted us to enjoy together in our home on Elm Street. To succeed my son-in-law, the board secured the services of Dr. Isabel Bronk, who had completed a post-graduate course in Chicago and taken there the doctor's degree. But the reader will ask, How could so competent a person be thus readily obtained, to fill a position left vacant by one who had gone up higher? Much as I regret to say it, it was because the services of women are still underpaid; they are not yet paid (as they surely will be at no distant day) the same salaries as men, though they do the same work. Indeed, I must assert that with equal educational opportunities, if there be any difference in the quality of the work done by

professors or teachers, it is likely to be in favor of women. This positive statement may be denied to-day, but the time is coming, and is not far distant, when it will be no longer questioned. But with the resources of the college so limited, Swarthmore could not then take this stand.

My daughter and her family must now leave me to make their home in Chicago, where, at the university, the work of her husband was likely to be required for many years. With Professor Bronk to train the classes in French, when the summer vacation began, all seemed plain for the coming year. It was arranged that my daughter Beatrice should reside with me in Elm Street, where we had spent the previous year.

It was during the vacation of 1901 that I renewed my acquaintance with one who had for a number of years made a happy home for my second daughter, Eudora, in New York city, where the latter is employed in the astronomical department of Columbia University. Little had I dreamed that, as the evening of a busy life was approaching, there was still reserved for me the glory of the evening star, in the prospect of a renewal of domestic life.

As a result, my health, much broken by the anxieties and sorrows of the few preceding years, rapidly recovered, and after the summer vacation was over I returned to my work as lecturer on the French language and literature for the following year. My daughter Beatrice and myself, with our housekeeper, now constituted the family. As we were both lecturers at the college, we read our lectures to each other, and profited mutually by our criticisms of each other's work.

By permission of President Birdsall, my course of lectures was slightly shortened to prepare for my marriage, which took place on the twenty-fourth of April, 1902. Two days later my wife and I set sail for Europe, to spend about four months in traveling in Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, and England. Many of the places we then visited were seen by myself for the second or third time, but all were new to my wife.

During those four months of travel we read a great deal together, and I found that my "life as a teacher" was far from ended; I now resolved to put into practice what I had come to believe in more and more, i. e. that

in studying a new language no grammar should be taught; or rather not until facility in reading and some facility in speaking be first attained. I began at once with an easy and interesting specimen of the literature of the French language; told my wife the meaning of the words as she first saw them in their places in the text, translating them at once into English, without pronouncing the French. Before our journey of four months was over, she had read a number of French books, understanding them as well as though they were written in English. Thus the eye was first trained.

Later on, after our return, I taught her the pronunciation of the words; and notwithstanding the many cares of a very busy life, she could soon recognize the words without seeing them when they were pronounced, the ear being thus trained after the eye. It is true that the mind with which I had to deal was a mind naturally very bright and active, and that my wife had had excellent training in her own language in her earlier years. With the practice that she has had in French thus far, she reads and understands French books, without translation, about as well as she could were

they printed in English, and this too without a conscious attempt to express the thought in English words.

I may remark, in passing, that a friend recently from Paris brought us four little volumes by Claude Marcel, published by Larousse, by which the French are taught English in the way I have here described.¹ M. Marcel explains in detail the natural course to pursue in teaching English to French people; in his simple reasoning he follows exactly the course which I have pursued, and for similar reasons. To teach the reading, speaking, and writing of any new language, this is the method that is destined to be generally adopted in the future. Although at one time I was inclined to ridicule Dr. Sauveur and his system of teaching, attacking first the language as it is spoken, before analyzing it and dwelling upon the theory of its construction, I am now inclined to believe that he was right, and that the rapid methods of the Berlitz schools of languages are based upon a sound and sensible foundation.

¹ This is the title of the little series : *Méthode Rationnelle, suivant pas à pas la marche de la nature pour apprendre à lire, à entendre, à parler, et à écrire l'anglais.*

During our four months abroad, President Birdsall having resigned, the board were seeking a proper person to assume the presidency of Swarthmore. I had had no word from the college since we left New York at the end of April, and as I was sitting on the upper deck of a small steamer on Lake Como, some one who knew me placed upon the table before me a copy of an American newspaper. On taking it up, a marked article showed the reason. It was a notice that the board of managers of Swarthmore College had offered the presidency to Joseph Swain, president of Indiana University, who had been well known to me for several years. His response to the offer was stated to be that he would accept only on condition that an effort should be made to raise six hundred thousand dollars additional endowment within three years. At that time the college had an endowment of four hundred thousand dollars, about two hundred thousand dollars of which was not general endowment, but was for scholarships. The additional six hundred thousand dollars proposed would bring our total endowment up to a million dollars.

I wrote President Swain immediately, urg-

ing his acceptance only on the terms which he had named, as such endowment was absolutely essential to the proper growth and development of the college. He has since informed me that he received my encouraging note, but as his conditions had already been made, it was rather in the nature of a confirmation of the policy already determined upon, than otherwise. That, however, was all I expected to accomplish.

The stipulated period of three years ended at the commencement of 1905, and six hundred and seventeen thousand five hundred dollars had been raised within that time. Thus the million-dollar limit which had been set was considerably more than reached within the time designated. About one hundred thousand dollars of the addition has been used to build Wharton Hall for the accommodation of the young men, for a Hall of Chemistry, and for new shops for the engineering department. There was a general rejoicing at the commencement of 1905, for then, at last, after its long struggles, Swarthmore had become one of the few colleges in our country which have an endowment of a million dollars.

When the news of the probable appointment of President Swain reached us, we were, as I

have said, in northern Italy on Lake Como. We had crossed the ocean in a North German Lloyd steamer, going direct to Naples. Being south of the usual line of travel, we saw the charming shores of the Azores. At Gibraltar we longed to stop and at least set foot on the great rock which with the rock on the African coast opposite were called by the ancients the Pillars of Hercules, and believed to be the western limit of the earth. But there was only time for a short stop at Gibraltar, and the next day but one we were safely landed in Naples. Here we were met by a very superior guide, interpreter, and lecturer employed by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Paine, in whose party we traveled. He took efficient charge of us at once, relieving us all of the anxiety attendant upon traveling arrangements abroad.

We visited the principal places in Italy: Naples, Pompeii, and Sorrento; then Rome, Florence, Pisa, and Venice; then the Italian Lakes, crossing the Simplon Pass and visiting Mont Blanc, Chamounix, Geneva, Interlaken (whence I cabled congratulations to the Swarthmoreans on their commencement day), the Righi with its steep ascent and cold

snowy summit, where we had the usual experience of failing to see the sun rise the next morning.

From Interlaken we went directly to Munich, where we took leave of our party to make a *détour* of a day to see Nuremberg. We had counted much on having the companionship of my daughter Helen and her family during some weeks, and we felt especially fortunate in this, as it was the last year that Mr. White would be in Germany, he having decided to resign after his long diplomatic career. Mrs. White had advised us to see Nuremberg on the way to join them. It was time well spent, and few if any days of our travel were more rich in interest.

The house of Albrecht Dürer, the great painter, sculptor, and engraver, was one of the first places we visited. It is no longer private property, but has been purchased by the government. A house near it, once the elegant home of the wealthy Peller family, is now stored with antiquities and curiosities of all kinds for sale. The old walls, moats, and ancient gates, relics of a bygone age, are of great interest. The moats, no longer filled with water, are now flower gardens and pleasant

walks, forming seeming fragments of a small park. In the various museums, private and public, are relics of a former barbarous age in the shape of horrible instruments of torture of every kind; we saw several churches centuries old, which were originally Catholic but changed into Protestant churches at the time of the Reformation, with the stipulation that they should be preserved in the gorgeous style in which they were first built.

Nuremberg was for a time the residence of Melanchthon, the follower and fellow-laborer of Luther. In the afternoon of this our one day at Nuremberg, where one could well have spent a month, we took trolley and rode a short distance to the cemetery. There we saw evidences in abundance of the honor in which labor was held by this people. The chief ornaments on the tombs were the forms of objects most closely connected with the life of the sleeper below: anvils for blacksmiths; plows for farmers; lap-stones for shoemakers; saddles for harness-makers. On the tomb of Albrecht Dürer was carved in large letters the single word "*Emigravit*." The following lines of Longfellow are beautifully descriptive:—

"Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,

Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

"Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;

Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies.

"Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,

That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has
breathed its air."

Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet and satirist, was, next to Dürer, the most famous citizen of Nuremberg in the earlier days.

The following day we joined Mr. and Mrs. White at Schandau on the Elbe, where they were resting and recruiting in a delightfully quiet retreat in the heart of the remarkably picturesque region of Swiss Saxony. We took a long carriage ride the next day, passing through deep valleys. The cliffs on either side of the valleys rose to a great height, some of them a thousand feet or more. The tops of these mountains looked like great castles, and when seen from a distance seemed constructed by human hands.

We soon decided that it would be better to locate for a time in Dresden. Mr. White was called to Berlin on business, and the rest of us took up our quarters in the Hotel Bellevue in Dresden, situated on the Opernplatz. We went to hear Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," and, the opera being a long one, the curtain rose according to custom at six o'clock. Just at the opening of the third of the four acts, in the middle of a scene, we were startled by the sudden dropping of the curtain, and in a moment a man stepped before it and announced the death of King Albert of Saxony. He had been very ill for some time and his death had been hourly expected. The opera house was at once closed, and the city was in mourning for days. The body was brought to Dresden from his summer home in Silesia, and the procession which formed in the streets made that portion of the city where we were almost impassable. On the day of the funeral there were many thousands of strangers thronging the streets of Dresden. Conspicuous among them were the diplomats of most of the countries of Europe in their gorgeous court costume, among whom Mr. White, in simple citizen's dress, represented the Ameri-

can Republic. The funeral services were in the cathedral, where the body had lain in state for two days, in which space of time the number of persons who passed through in long procession certainly amounted to many thousands.

The kings of Saxony have been Catholics for several generations, though their subjects are largely Protestant. When Germany acquired Poland, it was agreed that Saxony, to which that part of Poland belonged, should be always under a Catholic king. It was stipulated in the compromise that every king should bring up one of his children in the Protestant faith ; but no king since then has left any children, and the late king was succeeded by his nephew, who on accepting the crown must become a Catholic. What a mockery upon religion, which should be a matter involving the daily life and personal character without reference to the form of belief. But the world advances slowly, and it is likely that many generations will pass before religion and the actual life are identical.

We did not remain long in Dresden after the funeral of King Albert, making another visit to the remarkable shores of the Elbe near

and above Schandau. Before the end of June we reached Berlin with Mrs. White. We found the American ambassador temporarily located at the Kaiserhof; an office elsewhere answering the purposes of the embassy. Our government was the only one represented at Berlin which had not provided a residence for its ambassador. Mr. White had so planned his business that he could give us a good deal of time in the last days of June and the first days of July.

On the twenty-ninth Mr. and Mrs. White took us for a long drive through Berlin and its suburbs. Mr. White pointed out to us the countless palaces and statues, the more ancient dating back to the time of Frederick the Great, long before Prussia became a part of the German Empire. A great deal of the modern statuary that adorns the streets has been set up since the Franco-Prussian war. I have never seen any other city so profusely adorned with statuary, much of it equestrian. Many of these statues were pointed out to us as the finest of their kind in the entire world. We took supper in the evening in an open-air restaurant. The number of persons present, enjoying the music, the promenade, the

grove, and the eating and drinking, must have been many hundreds, perhaps thousands. There were many such places open in different parts of the city during the fine weather of the warm season. We soon saw that the enjoyment of the few weeks before us in Berlin was likely to be far beyond what we had imagined.

On the first Sunday after our arrival we attended the American Church and heard Dr. Dickie, who had done so much here at home in America and abroad to build it up. There we met several former students of Swarthmore College who had come to Berlin to complete their education. With them we met Frau Dr. Hempel, who was guiding many of them in their advanced studies. We saw much of her before our final departure from Berlin. She impressed us as one of the most cultivated and best-educated women we had met in Germany. Students coming abroad esteemed themselves fortunate in securing her services.

We found in the Industrial Museum a number of interesting collections showing the progress of the industrial arts for several hundred years. We much enjoyed visiting the wonderful porcelain works at Meissen, and

the great ancestral castles of the Saxon kings near by.

Our stay with my daughter, Mrs. White, including the visit at Schandau, the Elbe valley, Dresden, Meissen, Berlin, Potsdam and vicinity, occupied us two delightful weeks. She went on with us to Wittenberg, Weimar, and Eisenach, taking as our guides Dr. Dickie and Frau Dr. Kempel. At Wittenberg we saw much connected with the two great leaders of the Reformation, Luther and Melanchthon, visiting the houses where they spent most of their lives, and where they died, and their tombs in the principal church of the little town. The life-sized statues of both stand in the entrance court of the town-hall. Of these great leaders the townspeople are reasonably proud. Their forms and faces indicate the character of the two men. Luther's burly, lusty form and his large, full, German face show the man to blaze the way through the impenetrable forests of the superstition of his time. Melanchthon's slender figure and refined face, and his gentle benign expression indicate the loving spirit of the man who was so much pained by the controversies in what professed to be the church of

Christ, that when asked on his deathbed what he most desired he replied, "That I might see perfect harmony restored between the members of the church of Christ."

Our Weimar visit greatly increased our interest in Goethe and Schiller as being the place where they spent a large part of their lives, and wrote their imperishable works. To walk the streets where they walked, and breathe the air which they breathed, gives one a thrilling sense of delight indescribable in words. It has been said that Luther, in a way, constructed the German language by his translation of the Scriptures and by his numerous other works, and it may be said that while Luther gave permanent form and rugged thought to the language, Goethe and Schiller gave it the beauty which it not improperly claims.

The tombs of Goethe and Schiller are not shown, as they are in a vault at a distance from the city, which was made especially for the reigning dukes of Weimar. Schiller, being poor when he died, was at first interred in a kind of compartment vault, which was then considered more respectable than being buried in the cemetery. No memorial marks

the site. After ten years, when the burial vault was built for the ducal family, Goethe had the remains of Schiller removed to it, and there arose some confusion about the skull. Goethe had three skulls before him on his table, trying to discover which was genuine, a question finally decided on the evidence of an old servant who judged by the teeth. If Schiller had not died so young he would doubtless have received as much attention as Goethe. Although he is a more popular poet to-day in Germany, both are idolized. There is a great archive building in Weimar devoted to their works and the literature connected with them: there is much more relating to Goethe than to Schiller. It is well known that Goethe occupied a prominent place in Weimar, was appointed to important positions by the grand duke, and was financially very differently situated from his intimate friend Schiller.

On leaving Weimar we visited Eisenach, where the ancient castle on a high peak near the town and a walk through a wonderful valley were the greatest attractions. The castle was in charge of Major von Cranach (a descendant of the great painter) to whom

Mrs. White had given us a letter of introduction when she left us to join Mr. White at Leipsic, where he was to give a Fourth of July address the following day. As we wound up the zigzag road reaching the height where the castle stood, a man coming down met us and inquired if we had a letter to the major. We gave him the letter, and he soon disappeared. On reaching the castle we found quite a company of travelers there, and after waiting some time the doors were opened and a guide appeared, who took the whole company into the castle, conducting us through the various rooms, explaining what we saw in German. But German, alas, was a sealed book to us. We saw the fine pictures and statuary, the ancient walls and furniture, and enjoyed the fine views from some of the windows, though we felt disappointed to hear no word from the major. But as we came out the major's man met us at the door, and when I gave him my card he took us back through several rooms to which the general company had not been admitted, and informed us that the major had been called away that morning after receiving our telegraphic message, and had directed him to take his place and give us

special attention. The rooms then shown us were those of the grand duke, and were occupied by Goethe when he was a student in Eisenach; we saw also a number of pictures of the Goethe family. It was a most interesting supplement to the visit to Weimar the previous day.

We afterwards took the walk through the deep narrow valley called the Drachenslust, and the Hohe Sonne, and it was a strange experience indeed. For a part of the way there was a narrow footpath, the cliffs rising almost perpendicular several hundred feet, the sides, as high up as the eye could reach, covered with green moss, and so near together that the path was often too narrow for two persons to walk abreast. We both felt that there was some remote danger of a loosened stone falling upon us from above.

Our next objective point was Frankfort-on-the-Main; here we stopped at the Frankfurter Hof. The next morning we drove some hours about the city, visiting the house of Goethe's father, were shown the room where the poet first saw the light, a room now devoted to an exhibit of many things connected with his early life; saw pictures of him and his parents

at different periods of their lives, and went through the garden which, as a child, he so much enjoyed; drove over the Main to the museum, and passed rather rapidly through its many rooms of fine paintings, seeing several of Albrecht Dürer's and some exquisite Dutch interiors by various artists. In three of the open squares of the city are famous monuments, one a statue of Goethe, one of Schiller, and one on which are placed standing the three claimants to the honor of the invention of movable types for printing — men without whose invention the works of the two great poets, Goethe and Schiller, could never have been so widely known. These three men, in the order of merit as here understood, are Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer.

In the afternoon we took cars for Homburg, about forty minutes' ride, where the German emperor has a schloss or castle. It is a restoration of an ancient castle, done in the most gorgeous style. We were shown through the sumptuously adorned rooms. The floors were as smooth as mirrors; at the entrance were long rows of slippers, a pair of which each of us was required to put on over our shoes to save the floors. When at Homburg we

had not learned of an old Roman camp having been discovered within a few years. It was uncovered when digging some wells, and much work had been done to restore it to its original condition. In a museum here we saw many things found in these excavations.

From Frankfort we visited Heidelberg and its ruined castle, well known to be the most striking and impressive pile of ruins in Europe. The broad view over the fertile fields of the valley of the Neckar, with the distant Rhine on the western horizon, once seen is never to be forgotten.

We took steamer on the Rhine on our way to Cologne, not stopping even at the attractive heights of St. Goar and Rhinefels, as I had done on my first visit, in 1868. In some respects the Hudson surpasses the Rhine, but the castles and towers make the latter far more impressive, because, in connection with natural scenery, they give evidence of the work of human hands. One always experiences, when traveling, a sense of added beauty when natural scenery is vivified by human interests. That day's trip upon the Rhine included the most interesting part of the valley.

At Cologne we visited the cathedral, with

its gorgeous stained-glass windows and its fine pictures. We went up on the outside to high points, and found very curious and interesting the great flying buttresses, the statues, and the great bells, the largest rung only four times a year and requiring the labor of twenty-four men. From the highest story we had an extensive view of the Rhine, the city, and the surrounding country. In traveling one should always get as many views from high places as possible, as they fix in the mind the various objects seen, and give one pictures which hang forever, while life lasts, on memory's wall.

At Antwerp we made but a brief stay, but saw some of the works of the two great painters, Rubens and his pupil Van Dyke. We greatly enjoyed Rubens's Elevation of the Cross, and his Descent from the Cross in the cathedral; and in the museum the Crucifixion and the Adoration. These four pictures, with their brilliant coloring, are truly wonderful and wholly baffle description. In the Crucifixion one can almost in reality see the blood gushing from the side, as the Roman soldier plunges in his spear.

We now had Paris before us, and as we wished to spend some weeks there, our journey

must continue as direct as possible, although we were sorely tempted to turn aside and visit Ghent and Bruges. But these, like so many other places and objects of interest, had to be reserved for a future visit. As I wished to make our Paris visit as profitable as possible to the one student upon whom my principal teaching was now exercised, my wife, we decided to take up our quarters near the Arc de Triomphe, at the home of Professor Charles Marchand, who had been recommended to us as a good teacher of his native language, and to whom many teachers, professors, and diplomats from America have gone to acquire a practical speaking knowledge of French. But we found that if we were to do the sight-seeing that we planned during a stay of three weeks in Paris, we could not spend much time with a French teacher except in conversation at table. As the new Paris subway, the Metropolitan, passed our door in Avenue Kleber, and thence under the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, we used it almost daily to visit the Place de la Concorde, the Louvre, the Madeleine, the Châtelet, the Tour St. Jacques, which commands a wide view over the city, the Panthéon, Notre Dame, the garden of the Tuile-

ries, the Saint-Chapelle, the Palais de Justice, the Eiffel Tower, the Rue de la Paix, the Opéra, and countless other places of interest in that great city, which the French have some reason to consider the capital of the world.

We made a visit to my friend and correspondent of several years, Professor Gaston Mouchet, who teaches English and French to French students in the Ecole Colbert. He had been my efficient assistant in carrying on the international correspondence between students in French and American colleges. We dined on another occasion with Professor E. Levasseur, of the Collège de France, who has been one of my correspondents for many years, and who once spent a week with us at Swarthmore, when he came over as a representative of his government to visit and report upon the Exposition at Chicago.

We crossed to England by the Straits of Dover, usually a very rough passage, but now perfectly smooth, not a passenger being ill—a great contrast with my first trip in 1869. Now, for the first time, we went to Canterbury, where we found the cathedral the most magnificent building we had ever beheld. Whoever goes to England ought to see this

great cathedral. To describe its ancient magnificence would require a volume.

In London we took quarters for our few weeks' stay at a boarding-house frequented much by teachers from abroad, on St. Stephens's Road, Bayswater, W.; and the "Tube" (the deep underground railroad) being not far from us, we could enter this and be in the centres of interest in a short time. But to see London one must not be too closely confined to travel in "tubes," — from fifty to one hundred feet below the surface, — but must frequently take cabs and other surface conveyances. Through the winding and intricate streets it was difficult to find our way alone. London being a great conglomeration of ancient villages, the streets seem to run toward every possible point of the compass.

Not long after our arrival in London we had a call from Miss E. A. Lawrence, the secretary of Mr. William T. Stead of the London "Review of Reviews." She had been a correspondent of mine for some years in the matter of the international correspondence of teachers and students, and during our entire stay in London she was very kind, doing what she could to make our visit as satisfactory as pos-

sible. She accompanied us to St. Paul's, and spent some time with us in visiting that historical monument, where lie buried so many great men of the past: Turner, the artist; John Howard, the great prison reformer; in the crypt Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of the church, and Benjamin West, whose name ought to be familiar to every Swarthmorean, as our "West House" is named for this painter, Swarthmore being the place where he was born.

We visited one day the great department store of Whitely, which is of immense size. In his various departments he employs between five and six thousand persons. One of his foremen kindly gave us much information about this great enterprise, a type of store in which Whitely was the leader, though his example has been followed by a number of others in London, and indeed throughout the world.

One day we took the only boat line then ascending the Thames above London, seeing the city from the river, and spending a day at Hampton Court, where I had seen West's pictures on my first visit abroad. They have been removed and now hang elsewhere, a number of them in Kensington Palace.

Later we visited the Tower of London, of which, if I should write fully, this book would be chiefly an account. A line from Miss Lawrence to the governor of the Tower secured us one of the best of guides, whose mind was full of the dark and bloody history of the early days in England, and who told us much of it in a very clear and satisfactory manner. The great prison-house seemed a more dreadful place than we had imagined, and our connection with a barbarous ancestry closer than we had realized.

The coronation of Edward VII occurred during our visit. Tickets to well located seats were sent us by Mrs. Stead, the wife of William T. Stead's son Alfred, with whom, together with Miss Lawrence, we took tea on the previous evening. Our seats commanded a fine view of Parliament Street, with the Parliament Houses on our right and Westminster Abbey in our rear. We reached our places a little before nine A. M., and sat spell-bound by the brilliance of the great procession passing into and later out of the Abbey, where the coronation took place. Soldiers in gay attire were lined up in all directions, twenty-three thousand in number. Between

them filed in and out the carriages and horsemen. An hour later, after the coronation ceremonies in the cathedral were over, the lines were reversed, and they returned to the palace and their several places. The whole gorgeous pageant lasted about six hours, and more glitter and gold and brilliant colors of every hue never, I am sure, met our eyes before.

We saw, of course, the new king and queen in their royal carriage, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, with four riders on the horses, eight footmen walking by them, two men standing behind, and the driver, all dressed in brilliant yellow and black. The king looked greatly changed from the boy whom I had seen on his visit to Boston in 1860, and the queen seemed many years his junior. They are certainly very popular, and with good reason, with the English people.

As our London visit was drawing toward a close we spent a delightful Sabbath afternoon in visiting the home of William T. Stead, a zealous, and at times much persecuted, worker in so many causes for the progress of humanity. His home is at Wimbledon, a pleasant village a few miles up the river. We

met here Mr. Kirkup, a very thoughtful contributor to the "Review of Reviews," in whom we became much interested. Mr. Stead himself had been called away, and left his regrets that he and his wife could not meet us. Miss Lawrence and one of the sons were at home to welcome us. The charming little town of Wimbledon is made up of a number of pleasant villas; between these and London the broad green fields of the valley of the Thames are interspersed with pleasant homes. We had passed through the same valley on our way to Hampton Court.

At Guild Hall we were greatly interested in the antiquities which have been discovered many feet below the surface in London, including relics of the Roman walls. These were most curious and interesting, and consisted of coins, pottery, and tombstones with inscriptions. At the British Museum, in the brief time which we could spare, we saw pictures of the coronations of the kings and queens, a subject of deep interest in England at that time, because of the recent coronation of Edward VII and his queen Alexandra; also the original Elgin marbles, brought from the Parthenon by Lord Elgin. It seems to me a

subject of much regret that these marbles could not have been left in the place where they were discovered, but it is scarcely likely that if they had been they could have escaped the mutilation and destruction of modern travelers, in their eagerness to gather relics and specimens of the distant past. In this view it was well that they were brought away, and thus carefully preserved in this great museum.

Toward the close of our stay in London we attended one of the oldest Friends' meetings in England. Although we belong to the branch of Friends not represented there, we were kindly received. Three brief addresses were given, and a prayer offered. William Talleck, a well-known writer on penology, long secretary of the Howard Association, cordially invited us home to dine. We had another engagement, but made the visit, a most interesting one, a few days later. We felt that the harmonious relations of Friends of the two branches were increasing.

On one occasion we visited Kensington Palace, the birthplace of Queen Victoria, and greatly enjoyed the rooms filled with memorials of her and her long and useful reign.

From the windows the views of the gardens and extensive grounds were very attractive. One of the rooms in this palace was filled with Benjamin West's pictures, which hung for a long time in Hampton Court. Another day we spent in Kew Gardens — that great collection of plants and trees from all parts of the world.

From Southampton we took the steamer *Philadelphia* for New York, ninety-one more passengers being brought out to us on a lighter from Cherbourg. Among our company were Chauncey M. Depew and his young wife, and William L. Elkins and wife, of Philadelphia, whom I had long known, their son William L. having been one of our Swarthmore students, and later a successful business man. We had on board apparatus for sending Marconi wireless messages, and the captain kindly had me shown the room devoted to this purpose. We conversed by it with passengers on the steamer *Lucania*, bound for England, more than ten miles distant, and some sent back messages to their friends. This is certainly a great advance in telegraphy; in a few years it will banish much of the loneliness of the sea.

During the latter part of the voyage we were engaged in reading Molière's play, "Le Tartuffe," which we found most interesting. We arrived at New York on the twenty-fourth of August, after an absence of almost four months.

It was understood at Swarthmore that I would give, from time to time, lectures on French literature, thus lightening the heavy work which now fell upon Professor Bronk. These were regularly given twice a week during that winter, and I found the pleasure of thus meeting the classes on that familiar ground, the scene of my labors for so many years, a most congenial and attractive occupation. These lectures I have kept on file, where they now constitute a considerable part of my unpublished manuscripts, and it will probably be left for my heirs to consider, at a later day, the best way to make final disposition of them. They cover a good deal of ground in the history of French literature, and should they interest others as much as they interested me, they might be found, at some future time, worthy of publication.

In the spring of 1903 I decided that living as I did in New York, there was too much

exposure involved in continuing a regular course of semi-weekly or weekly lectures at Swarthmore, and, at my request, I was kindly released by President Swain, with the consent of the board. I could now progress more satisfactorily with my translations from leading French dramatists, in which I had been increasingly interested for several years past. By the advice of James Russell Lowell, whom I consulted the year before his death, I had translated three plays into English verse, in a metre similar to that of the original,—Corneille's "*Le Cid*," Racine's "*Athalie*," and Molière's "*Le Misanthrope*." For several years I had given these translations in lectures of about an hour each, to my classes in French, and had several times been asked to repeat them, both at the college and elsewhere. In these translations I had selected the most thrilling passages of the play for rendition into English verse, and had given the ordinary descriptions and explanatory connections in prose.

As I was about to begin Victor Hugo's "*Hernani*" in the same way, by the advice of a friend I attempted a complete rendering of this great drama in English verse, introducing

no explanations in English. Several months were spent on this tragedy, and, as I had feared from the beginning, it lacked, when done, the clearness and the interest for English-speaking people that the first three works had inspired. This error I hope to correct, and to bring the "Hernani" within the reasonable compass of one long or two short lectures. Thus treated, this famous drama is calculated to awaken even greater interest than the three previously treated. If successful in this I shall probably follow it with Victor Hugo's second great play, "Ruy Blas," especially as these two plays have a certain connection with each other. I have been thinking of presenting all the translations spoken of under the title of "Half Hours with the Leading French Dramatists." It will be seen that my plans involve no idle inactivity; I prefer to wear out rather than to rust out.

In the autumn of 1903 I issued a circular letter to the surviving students of the first twenty classes of Swarthmore College, asking them certain questions as to their lives and occupations since their graduation. At first this act was inspired entirely by an earnest desire to renew my acquaintance with these young

men and women graduates, and, in an especial manner, to see how well they had followed my oft-repeated counsel to decide early as to their occupation in life, and never change without very good reasons, or unless compelled by circumstances to do so. I found it very interesting thus to renew in memory the early days.

I had not proceeded far with this investigation before it was suggested to me, by one of our earlier students, that I should collect in a volume, to be distributed among them, the results derived from this investigation. I took up the suggestion at once, as I considered it a good one, and the result is before the public in the form of the first issue of our "Alumni Historical Catalogue." The correspondence necessary to do this work well occupied me very closely for ten or eleven months, and the care and anxiety of it brought on a serious illness which nearly cost me my life. Through these months I had spent from ten to twelve hours a day over the difficult and complicated task. At length the doctor practically forbade the work by limiting me to not more than one hour a day spent in literary labor of any kind. Of course I obeyed, and passed the results of my work over to Professors Ferris W. Price and

William I. Hull, who classified and arranged it and saw it through the press. Through their kind aid the first historical catalogue of the Swarthmore alumni has now been widely circulated, to the great satisfaction of all. The series is to be continued hereafter every tenth year. I had signed as president the diplomas of eighteen of these twenty classes, but I began with twenty, that a decimal arrangement might be easily followed.

In the autumn of 1904 I received from my friend and former student, George H. Mifflin, a package containing what he called "Memorabilia of the Latin School." Among the various interesting relics within it, I found some exercises of his in phonography, and letters from me to him on the contents. As I studied phonography during my year in Philadelphia, 1847-48, under the lectures of Oliver Dyer, I used, of course, the original vowel scale of Isaac Pitman. This has been variously changed and modified by later students and teachers of phonography, and I soon learned, with great pleasure, that there is a firm whose works, from the beginning, have followed the original vowel scale, — a firm doing a very extensive business in the publication of pho-

nographic books. This is the firm of Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard of the Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio. For the past two years Mr. Mifflin and myself have been exchanging letters and postal cards in phonography, using only the original vowel scale as published by the Cincinnati firm. Of course, in this correspondence, Mr. Mifflin's familiarity with the system is now much greater than my own, and so it is a case of a teacher taught, as in this progressive age it ought to be.

The one recent step taken toward the advancement of the college to which so much of my life has been devoted is the establishment of a new fireproof library on the college grounds. This has been done through the liberality of Andrew Carnegie, who offered \$50,000 to erect the building on condition of \$50,000 more being raised for its proper advance and maintenance. This added \$50,000 was promptly secured from graduates and other friends of the college, and as this volume goes to press at the opening of the new college year 1906-07, the building is finished, properly constructed to permit needed extension in future years, and the volumes so long

exposed to the danger of fire in their crowded storage in Parrish Hall are now open to the use of students in its more convenient and capacious rooms.

As soon as restored health and strength permitted, I turned my attention to this account of my sixty-five years as a teacher. Although I had then not quite reached my eightieth year, it seemed that with the proper care of my health, the preparation of these memoirs need not require any haste on my part. I have kept no connected diary or record of the events of my long life, and have depended entirely upon memory, with an occasional reference to a friend or companion. Hence this last work has advanced but slowly, often awaiting the result of correspondence to make important parts clear and plain.

To the thousands of students whom I have taught within the limits of the past half century, I may be permitted to repeat: Never seek a change of position, but always strive to do your work so well where you are that the new place will seek you, instead of being sought by you. Any educator who desires to aid in an important position will be sure to seek those already employed, in preference to

those unoccupied and seeking a place. This is one of the important lessons which I have learned in my sixty-five years of the life of a teacher.

Greater evidence of growth and progress than that of Swarthmore College has rarely if ever been seen. Beginning in 1869, with practically no college, and a large preparatory school, its career was slow and painful at first, and often a cause of deep discouragement. It has now eliminated the preparatory school, which is carried on by able and willing hands near by ; the number of the college students is at present nearly three hundred ; the various departments of the college are increased in number and efficiency, and its semi-centennial, to be celebrated in 1919, bids fair to be one of great rejoicing.

As this volume is addressed largely to those who are disposed to devote themselves to education in the various grades, from the common or public schools up to the high schools, colleges, and the universities, let me say that it should be the constant aim of the teacher and professor to make his or her own life all that he or she would desire to see imitated in those who have passed under his or her instruction ;

and not as teachers only but in whatever occupation they may follow ; and thus develop in them the highest type of manhood or womanhood. I may properly add that it is my earnest conviction that no other college in this country has accomplished a greater work in its first half century, in the general diffusion of education, mental, moral, and spiritual, given to both sexes alike from the beginning, than Swarthmore College.

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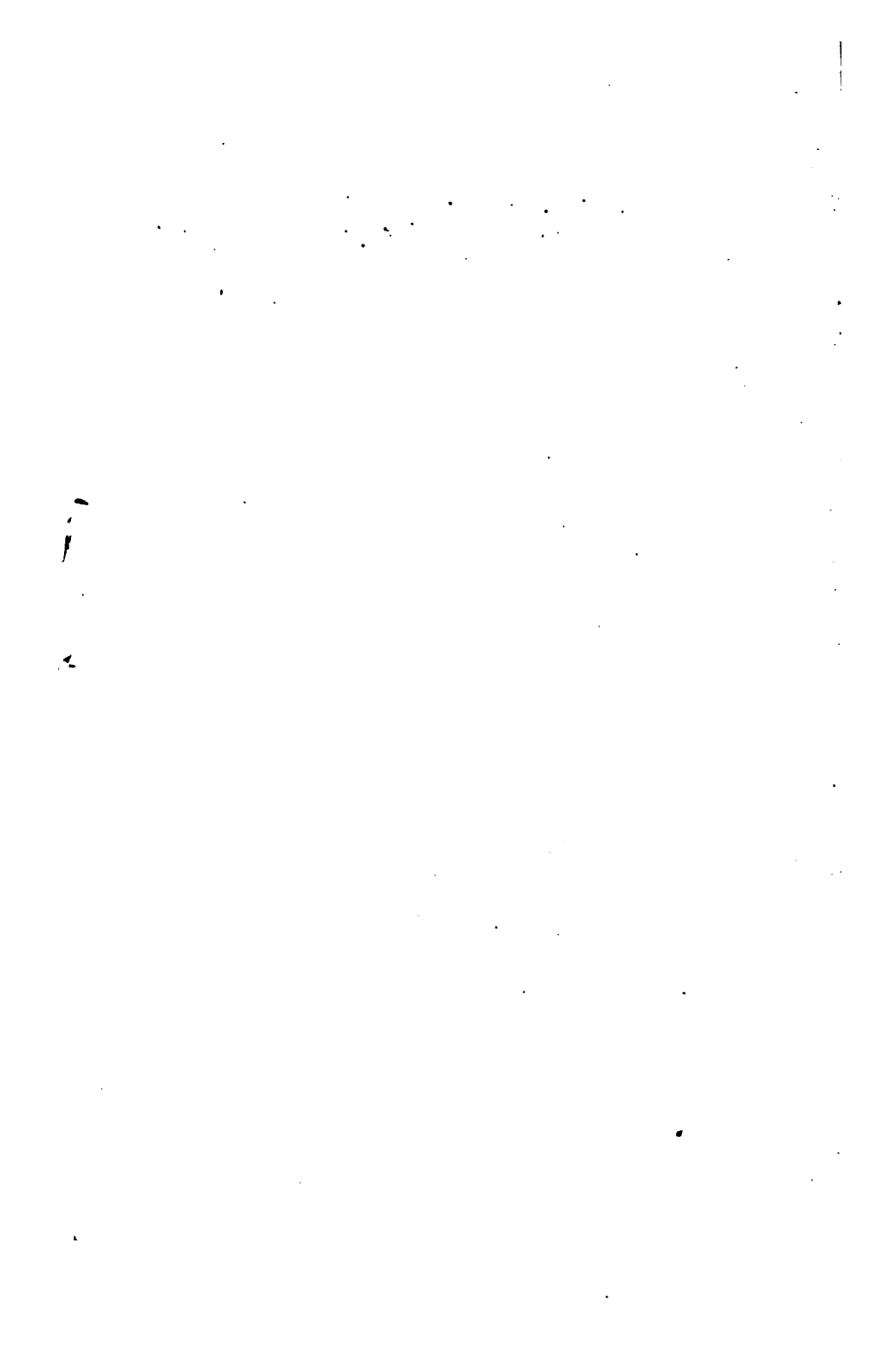
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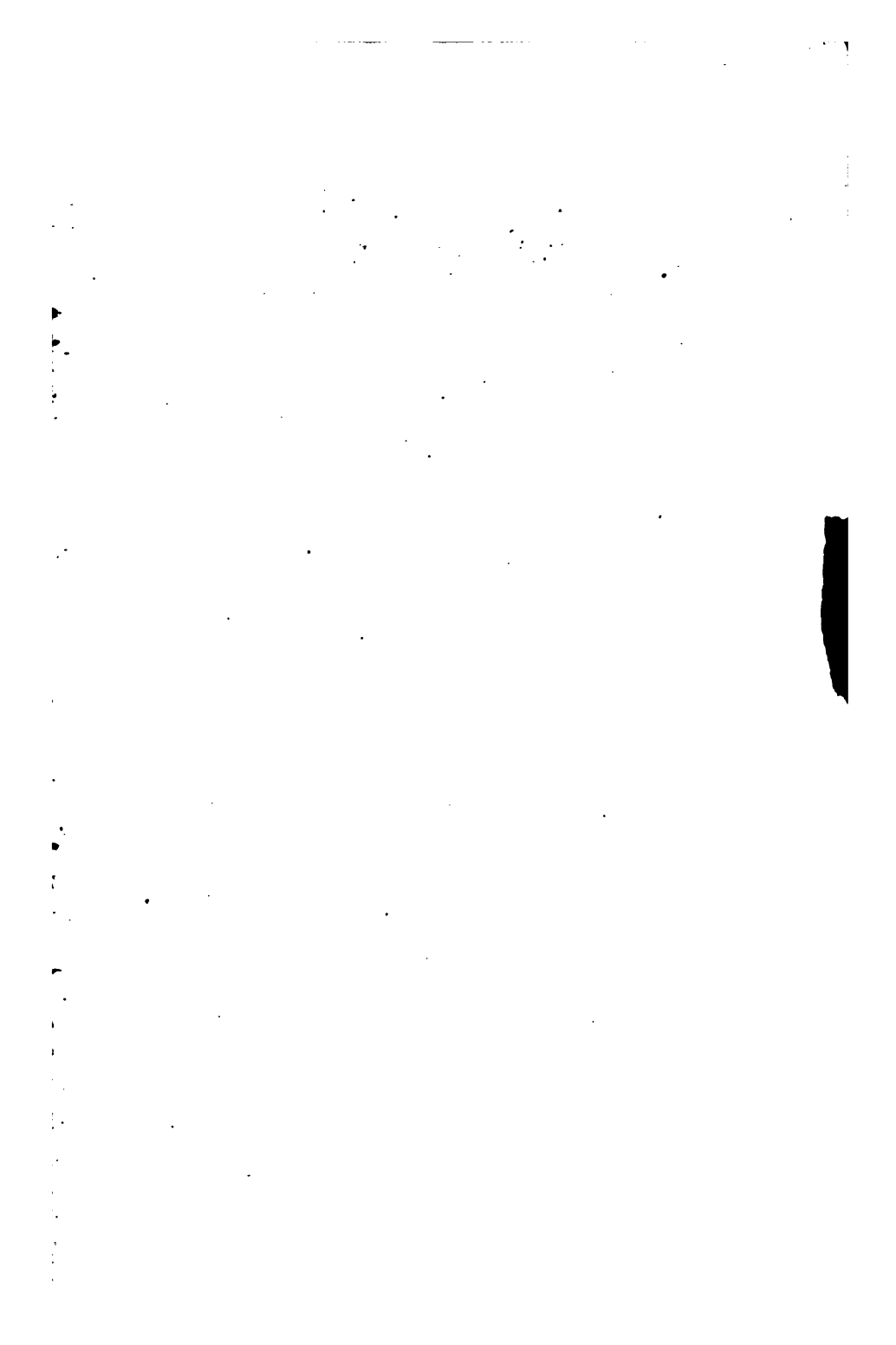
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